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HOME COMFORTS.

BY M. A.

My little home comforts, they seem to be small
To chance lookers in, it is true;
Indeed they are scarcely, says one, worth to call.
Except to the fond and the few.

I know it, and blush to have curious eyes
Inspecting my treasures, so dear,
And often the tears will, unbidden, arise
At thoughtless remarks I may hear.

My "old-fashioned cradle" is scarcely in trim,
Yet, though it lacks polish and grace,
How often I've beat o'er its wide-spreading rim
To peep in a sweet baby face.

And then the "low rocking-chair," grandmother's own,
Now very much worse for the wear,
Has stilled, with its rhythm, full many a moan,
When I rested upon my little one there.

The parlor is plain, but its bright glowing hearth
Has some kindred souls entertained,
And the seasons of innocent pleasure and mirth
Have never a single heart pained.

The dear "sunset chamber," small, cosy and bright,
That mother so loved in her day,
The room where the children are sleeping to-night,
And the garden with blossoms so gay

Dear Home, where a husband and children combine
With wisdom, and kindness and mirth,
To make it, with other home comforts, to me
A beautiful heaven upon earth.

MISCELLANEOUS.

UNDER A CLOUD.

BY LOUISE LEFFARD.

One dull midsummer day a young girl stood beside an open window, looking out on the spacious grounds that surrounded the beautiful villa de Bijou. She was a piquant dark skinned type of womanhood, and in her manner and pose, there was that dainty insouciance which is characteristic of French women of higher birth.

She was clad simply in white muslin, but it was white muslin apotheosized by Worth, resulting in a charming *melange* of muslin, Mechlin, *soie de suruh* and carved pearl buttons. A small bronze slipper was just visible beneath the last of many flounces, and this small slipper was nervously patting the carpet.

The fair sentinel had a bunch of roses in one hand, in the other, an open letter. Her long black hair was plaited *a la Marguerite*, and she wore no ornaments save a ring on her left hand, in which sparkled a diamond of fabulous size and brilliancy.

Out on the lawn were two people, idly batting a tennis ball. A young man, very slender and youthful, a young girl very fair and childishly dressed with flowing hair and a blue sash about her waist *a la Reine*. Their merry shouts had aroused the girl at the window, and she forgot her letter in watching them.

The girl at the window is Constance D'Aurel, the pretty tennis player is her sister Florence, the young man is Victor Naudin, the younger brother of Monsieur Albert Naudin who is betrothed to Constance. He has just finished his university career, and has been invited to spend a few days at the villa, by Monsieur D'Aurel.

Whilst he is laughing at Mademoiselle Florence's earnest efforts to capture the ball, and is being watched himself by a pair of soft brown eyes, a lady, tall, angular, with a sweet face, comes quietly into the drawing-room, and seats herself beside the girl at the window. Seeing her, Constance starts a little, blushes just faint pink, and resumes the perusal of her letter. But the contents cannot please her for more than once she sighs. Then the gentle-faced woman looks up, and says softly:

'Sighing, Constance? And over that letter of all others?'

Madame de Mazis is the governess, but she is Constance's best friend and adviser.

In an instant the girl is on her knees at madame's side.

'Oh, yes, Marthe. They make me tremble, these letters.'

'Your lover's letters! Ah, you are a strange girl. Why—'

'No, no, Marthe, you are teasing me. Think of it! To read page after page of polite nonsense, chilling protestations of love from a man whom you have never seen, and whom you know is one day to be your master—'

'But you have seen him.'

'Once, seven years ago. I little thought then that he was to be my husband.'

'Yet you don't dislike him!'

'Oh, no, but—but—'

'He is not your ideal lover?'

'Indeed, no.'

'You wish to be wooed and won like the ladies in your poetry books.'

Constance looked up and laughed.

'Yes. At present it seems as if I were being sold.'

'And yet,' said madame gravely, 'your mother underwent the same thing as did I. We were none the less happy for it.'

'No, but—'

Mademoiselle Constance was exhausted for argument, but she was none the less in rebellion.

'He is so old, Marthe, just five years less papa's age. Do you suppose he will take me to balls, and theatres, and the races. Oh, I do so love the races—at least if he does not—'

'Victor will,' said madame. Unlucky speech.

Constance flushed up, buried her face in the roses, and hastily scrambled to her feet.

'I must go and show my letter to papa,' she said.

Left alone, Madame Mazis frowned slightly and said half aloud:

'Can it be possible! And yet she seemed so embarrassed. Surely, my dear Constance cannot have so foolishly committed herself as to fall in love with her husband's brother.'

Her painful queries were interrupted by the noisy entrance of Florence and Monsieur Victor Naudin.

'You will not have too much time to dress for the drive, Florence,' said madame, as the young sixteen year-old beauty dropped exhausted in a chair.

'How are we going to drive?' inquired Florence.

At that instant Constance reappeared.

'Marthe, papa and you will take the carriage.'

'And you—, Mademoiselle Florence arched her delicate brows.

'I will take the phaeton and Victor will drive me.'

A cloud gathered on the girl's face.

'Why can't we go together? Victor or papa drive and I will sit on the box.'

'I don't think papa will allow that,' said Constance.

'Go and dress,' said Madame. 'I will see what your father says.'

Madame Mazis was a distant cousin and companion and governess in the D'Aurel family, held a high place and privileges.

Madame D'Aurel had several years before met with a nervous shock, that completely prostrated her, she was a hopeless invalid. Madam Mazis knew her own power, but she never presumed. She stood in awe of her cousin, she loved his children and pitied his wife. She made herself indispensible, and was in return loved by all. She was a sensible kind of a widow, very little inclined to romance.

The nearly approaching nuptials of Constance was she thought, a most excellent thing. Monsieur de Naudin was old, to be sure, but then Constance was inclined to be just a little wild, she had flirted most desperately under Madame's very eyes at the springs this very summer, and a strong will and hand were needed, for in Paris she would be thrown into the society of the army and navy officers, both of which madame had a grave terror.

Both Florence and Constance who were very affectionate sisters dreaded the parting. They would be separated indefinitely as Monsieur D'Aurel had been advised to take his wife to lower Italy, and the young girl would of course go there also.

Perhaps had her family remained in Paris, Constance would have dreaded less her approaching marriage.

'I cannot make too much of my time,' she said aloud, when the party stood awaiting the carriage. Mazis had succeeded in having the barouche ordered. She felt a vague suspicion that Constance and her prospective brother in-law should be kept apart.

'Yes,' replied Victor looking at her, 'when you are married you will look back upon these days with pleasure. I know that I shall.'

Constance looked grave, but Florence cried out:

'Do you mean when you are married, Victor?'

'Perhaps,' he said laughing, and growing a trifle red about the throat. Then the carriage drove up and the party entered, to drive to the races.

The suspicion once aroused in Madame Mazis anxious breast was not easily quelled. All her efforts now tended to keep the two apart.

'We are going sketching,' remonstrated Constance one morning, when madame asked her attendance on a charity errand, 'pray ask Florence.'

But Florence was up in arms.

'We! who do you mean? Victor is going to give me a lesson on the violin.'

'Are you?' asked Constance.

'I so promised,' stammered Victor, 'but after that we will go the glen. It is too wet now, I fear.'

But Constance went with madame, and staid half the day with a friend in the village.

Left to themselves, the young people were busily engaged the first hour, over the intricacies of the violin, the fair pupil being far enough advanced to make one tune distinguishable, and was moreover in a charming state of ignorance as to how she should finger the strings. Of course it was Victor's enviable fortune to show the young lady the proper position, and as she had most remarkable white and round arms, the task was not a difficult one. Perhaps he took unusual pains, perhaps she was unusually stupid, for the violin would wabble, the strings cut her fingers, and he grew hot and nervous.

'Let me rest a while,' she said, brushing back her hair, and throwing herself on the sofa. He took a chair near her.

'I want to hear you play that without making a single mistake, before I go,' he said.

'I don't believe I can learn it,' she said peevishly, 'besides, what interest will it be to you, whether or not I can play when you are gone away?'

'Because,' he replied bravely, 'when you take up your instrument, I flattered myself you might give one thought to your first teacher.'

She tossed her head coquettishly.

'So then you want me to think of you.'

'If it be an exertion—no,' he said moodily.

'Shall I think of the strings you snapped or of the day you lost the rosin, and Fido had it under the sofa, or—'

'But you will think of men even then, though you will figure me scrambling under the sofa with a snarling dog at my heels.'

'And how will you think of me—if at all?'

'Think of you! Why Florence, little sister, I always think of you—'

'As little sister. Thanks I am not little.'

Like the rest of small women she fancied herself a Juno in form.

'You are very charming.'

'I have heard that before.'

'More than any other—'

'Except Constance.'

'Ah, yes, Constance is very lovely. My brother will—'

'Oh, how hateful of him to marry her. There I have said it,' she broke out impetuously. 'She is such a dear, kind sister, and I love her so. I may never see her again when she goes away.'

She was trying hard to keep back the tears caused by this sudden outburst, and he leaned forward, and to take her hands in his.

'Dear Florence, you may see her sooner than you hope for.'

'How do you mean.'

'She may not always be separate from you.'

'But we will live in Italy.'

'You may not always.'

'You mean, I will not?'

'Yes.'

'But how?'

'You can come to Paris.'

'Only to visit. And the separation comes again.'

'Paris?'

'Yes.'

'With Constance?'

'And some one else.'

'Who?'

'One who loves you.'

'You mean—'

'Me! I love you Florence, I—'

'I am so glad my dear child that I went to old Agathe. She was actually in want of a little nourishment—and—but how did the lesson progress.'

It was Madame de Mazis, cool and calm as usual. She wondered why Florence looked so flushed.

'Your face is painfully red, my dear. Why do you stretch yourself over that violin. I don't think it is a lady's instrument anyhow. I told you father so. How much do you know now?'

'I think,' said Victor slowly, 'that Florence knows more now than she did when she began. Don't you?'

'Oh, I am sure I do,' gasped Florence rising and trying to get out of the room. Pitying her embarrassment Victor became intensely interested in Madame's charities, and thus left the bewildered girl to escape to her own room, where she knelt down beside the window to ponder over her first sweet thrill of new born love.

But she kept her sweet secret closely locked in her heart.

Whilst all these three young people were enjoying life, a sudden cloud came upon them. Madame D'Aurel always delicate, became suddenly worse, and peremptory orders were given for her to go south, at the same time came a request from Monsieur Albert Naudin that if Mademoiselle Constance had no objections, he would be pleased to have the wedding advanced a month. Bitterly disappointed the girl was when she realized that neither her father nor her sister could be present at her nuptials. Only Madame Mazis would stay behind that her dear charge might not be quite alone. Constance would go to Paris, to her father's sister's and be married there.

The night before the general separation was a sad one, and when all in the house had parted for the night, Florence crept to her sister's bedside, and kneeling there in the moonlight confided her secret to Constance.

In the grey moonlight the older girl's face grew white and pained as she listened. When Florence had finished, she threw her arms around Constance's neck and added:

'And are you not glad for me dear sister.'

'Yes, yes, dear, but—'

'But why?'

'I fear that—'

'That—what, Constance, you seem to hesitate.'

'That our father will never consent. You are Victor is a younger son, and quite penniless. Monsieur Albert is wealthy, but he was heir to uncle, whilst Victor has nothing but the little allowance made him by Albert.'

'That is enough,' murmured Florence vaguely picturing to herself a cottage in a shady park.

'Oh, no, no,' cried the matter-of fact Constance.

'You would starve. Besides—'

'Oh, pray go on.'

'There have been two offers for your hand, and I think—I only think that papa has accepted the one.'

Florence sprang to her feet.

'Do you mean, sister, that he has promised some man that I shall be his wife.'

'I think so.'

'Oh, how cruel to barter me off in this way—'

She stopped suddenly and stooped over her sister. She remembered that Constance had been so given away.

'Forgive me, dear, but my mind is made up.'

'What do you mean, Florence?'

'That as I love Victor I shall marry him.'

'But he is poor.'

'I have money.'

'You will disobey father.'

'I will try and plead my cause.'

'You are so young.'

'No to love very strongly.'

'My poor Flora I fear you will have a rough road.'

'Will you not help me? You can plead with Albert. He can assist Victor.'

'How?'

'By obtaining him some lucrative appointment.'

'I will try, my sister.'

'I was sure you would. I will marry only Victor. Good night, pretty bride.'

Whilst Florence fell to sleep, happy in her love and but little annoyed at the dark future, Constance lay sleepless in the moonlight, whilst great tears, like pearls rolled from her white cheek on to the pillow.

Just two months later there came to Florence D'Aurel a tender, affectionate letter from Paris, signed Constance de Naudin, giving a graphic account of the wedding and a rapturous detail of the new home, the trousseau and the general blissful situation of the happy bride.

Whatever fear Constance had entertained as a girl of her strangely imitative lover, she certainly had none when she became his wife. She saw a middle-aged, stern-faced man, who said little and showed less demonstration, but her young heart suddenly melted towards him, and she said to herself that if he but returned in a small measure the love she felt for him she would be very happy.

And she was gratified in her desire. Monsieur Naudin proved all she desired, and seemed much devoted to his gay little wife.

But he was a man who viewed life in all its phases, and was both jealous and proud of his newly acquired prize. It therefore annoyed him not a little to see his wife take so much pleasure in the society of his young handsome brother. They read together, they played together, they sung duets. It was Victor who held the skeins of silk, it was Victor who held the opera cloak and proffered the bouquet. So long a bachelorhood, and so many years of club life, had quite unfitted Albert Naudin for such services, and, although he made the most chivalrous attempts to reinstate himself in long-forgotten arts, he was slow and stupid, whilst Constance would laugh at his attempts and she would turn to the ever proficient younger brother.

And then, too, there were sundry glances exchanged, and more than once Monsieur saw Victor lean over and whisper confidentially to the bride.

Slowly and painfully it began to dawn upon the new made husband that his wife had at some time experienced a tender passion for Victor. That she was purity itself he was confident, but then if the love had existed and had been banished there was no reason why it should not reappear, and perhaps stronger than before. And yet, notwithstanding her enjoyment of Victor's presence, Monsieur Naudin could detect no difference in Constance's behavior towards him.

One day he came suddenly upon his young wife in time to see her hastily conceal a letter in her bosom.

The next day he said suddenly at the breakfast table:

'Victor, you have been idling around long enough. I have an appointment for you.'

Victor looked up with a radiant face and Constance smiled.

'They are acting,' thought Monsieur.

'I am sure Albert, that I am tired of my idle life by this time, though I know that I could not better appreciate your house more than at present.'

'Oh, Victor,' cried Constance, 'this is your home, is it not, Monsieur?'

'Victor will always be welcome,' said Monsieur, with a shade of coolness in his voice.

'My home is in a woman's heart,' said the frivolous young man, and Monsieur Naudin saw with great annoyance that his wife blushed as rosy red as her breakfast robe.

'At least,' she said, 'you will still live with us.'

'Of course, sweet sister, how could—'

'I hardly think that will be possible,' said Monsieur.

'How,' echoed Victor, 'is not the appointment in Paris?'

'Not in Paris!' murmured Constance, nervously.

'No; it is in —.'

Perhaps had these two people spoken out the regrets in their hearts, Monsieur Naudin's jealousy would have been banished. He would have seen that they were indeed but brother and sister, and both were gay and congenial.

But they were silent. Both were thinking of the one who was far away, and whose blue eyes would fill with tears when she heard the news.

'You will have to contest yourself with my clumsiness,' said Monsieur Naudin, as he arose from the table, and for the first time since his marriage, went out without kissing his wife.

[What does he mean? faltered Constance, as she heard the door close upon his retreating footsteps.

'Oh, nothing, nothing,' said Victor carelessly, 'he has probably lost at stocks or the wheat market, it always makes him savage.

But he was worried and soon after left the house.

The same day a letter came from Madame Mazis who had just reached Italy, and it contained a long, painful account of Madame D'Aurel's failing health and suffering and of Florence's pale cheeks.

'Your father,' the letter said, 'on the day of my arrival, informed her of the proposition made by the wealthy young Comte la Valle. To our mutual amazement the young lady burst into a fit of rage, that is beyond description, and vowed she would kill herself if the word 'marry' was proposed to her again. Your poor father is nearly distracted between her stubbornness and your mothers illness. It occured to me, though I said nothing, that perhaps Florence's heart, was in the possession of a certain Paris gentleman. It is so, think you? and here let me make a humiliating confession. There was a time when I fancied that you, Constance, were in love with that handsome fellow and he in love with you. Of course that is past now. I saw that you cared for him only as a brother, but take care, my dear, husbands are jealous creatures and to their eyes, mole hills are whole chains of Alps.'

Poor Constance turned red and white and her heart seemed to stand still. Then the indignity of the third burst upon her, and subbing with anger and wounded pride, she tossed the letter fiercely from her, and buried her head on her arms.

Monsieur Naudin entered the room, saw the discarded letter, picked it up. Constance sprang to her feet.

'Give it to me' she cried, 'you have no right.'

'No right?'

'To read my letters? No.'

He handed it to her.

'If you fear to have me see it,' he said coldly. His tone hurt her and she sank, extending the letter.

'I do not want you to see all of it. It is from Marthe. See.'

And he looked as the page, whilst his quick eye caught the last lines referring to Madame Mazis suspicion.

He knew she did not intend him to see these words, so he said curtly:

'I believe you,' and went out of the room.

The fatal words of the letter rang in the young wife's ears so that she almost forgot her poor little love torn sister, her ailing mother and Victor's departure. She did not tell her husband how ill Madame D'Aurel was, she was too timid because she vaguely imagined that he suspected her of telling him a lie about the letter. That he ever imagined other than friendship existed between herself and Victor never once entered her pure heart.

So it was this once happy household was suddenly blighted, and a week thus passed away.

The day came for Victor's departure and his sister Marthe, whom it was a pain to be to parted at this parting. If he had anticipated a scene, he was disappointed for the two parted with smiles, a kiss, and words of bon voyage. But that night at the quiet dinner table, Constance burst into tears, and left her husband to finish his meal alone.

In a few days, there came a letter for Constance, which with brightening eyes she recognized as being from Victor.

'May I see it,' asked Monsieur.

There was nothing in it about Florence, so Constance hand it to her husband.

'He is shrewd, this fellow,' thought Monsieur, 'he probably knew? would ask to see it.'

But when the next one came Monsieur was not at home, and as the young man raved about his hard fate, and the depressing news from Italy, Constance burned is not used to diplomacy, she said that evening; at the opera.

'Victor is going to Bayreuth, to hear Perceival.'

'Yes. How do you know?'

'He said so in his letter. He starts tomorrow.'

'Then you received a second letter?'

'Yes, this morning.'

'I should like to read it.'

Had she made no reply, her husband would have probably forgotten all about it, but she colored up, thinking how angry he might be if he knew that Victor loved poor penniless Florence, and said hastily:

'Oh, I burned it.'

'That was the best way to keep me from seeing it,' he said gloomily. But she was looking at the crazed Marguerite, and did not hear his words.

Soon she began to notice the change in his conduct. Never an outwardly ardent lover, he now became, distant and so scrupulously polite that his presence pained her.

'And I love him so much,' she wrote to her sister and confidente what can have so suddenly changed him, I don't know perhaps he suspects that I am scheming to have Victor to marry you. I would almost brave his anger, dear sister to see you happy.

What effect this letter had upon Florence was never felt by Constance, as the former young lady was very very happy at the time of its arrival. Victor had stolen off from his business to pay her a flying visit, and they were to busy exchanging vows and promises to pay attention to Constance's plaints.

'How would you like to pay your mother a visit?' Monsieur Naudin said one evening as they sat alone. The first time for many weeks.

'Nothing would please me more,' she replied.

'Well then, my next month, that is not far off, you can go.'

'But, Monsieur, don't you go also,' she cried in alarm.

'I! No. I have important business that—'

'Then I don't wish to go.'

'Why not? You are married, that is all proper enough. You have your servants. I can trust you.'

'Of course you can,' she said proudly, 'but that is not it. I don't care to go alone.'

'Ask Victor then,' he said to try her.

'It is not that,' she stammered.

'What then?'

'I do not want to leave you, Albert.'

He looked at her a moment, and seeing the truth in her eyes, drew her towards him.

'Is that it, my Constance? Do you still love me?'

'Very dearly, my husband,' she said, and put her arms about his neck. Nothing else was said about the Italian tour. But the next day at breakfast came a letter from Victor, telling of his visit to Florence, and when monsieur asked what his brother had to say, Constance was bewildered and answered:

'Nothing much.' For the letter was made up of the delights of Victor's visit, and she could not tell her husband that.

So the coolness between husband and wife began again, and a week later, she was on her way to Italy—and alone.

'Now I shall fix them, or die in the attempt,' muttered Monsieur Naudin. 'I want to send Victor to India He will be safe there. Safe until he marries, which I heartily wish he would do.'

Victor was summoned to Paris, and there his older brother made known his plans.

'Nothing would suit me better,' said Monsieur Victor.

'I am glad you are pleased. You may be rich in a few years.'

'I think I shall marry before I go,' he said. 'As you please. But who?' inquired Monsieur Albert, quite taken back by the cool assurance of his young brother.

'Oh, I have not quite made up my mind.'

'A person of your own rank, I suppose.'

'Yes, I will not make a mesalliance.'

'I will make you a handsome pension when you do marry,' said Albert wondering whether or not he had been fooling himself in the belief that these people were lovers.

(Concluded on Fourth Page.)

Business Cards.

Hotels.

WRIGHT HOUSE.

MAIN ST., SMETHPORT, PA.

B. F. WRIGHT, Proprietor.

First Class in every Respect.

This Hotel is recently built, and is furnished with all the conveniences of a first-class Hotel. A well stocked and well kept Bar connected with the house. Rates reasonable.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,

MAIN ST., SMETHPORT, PA.

E. S. SARTWELL, - Prop'r.

FIRST CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT.

Tables and Bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. Rates Reasonable.

PICARD'S HOTEL,

MAIN STREET,

Smethport, - Pa.

M. H. PICARD, - Proprietor.

RATES REASONABLE.

This hotel stands nearly opposite the Court House and is furnished throughout with the conveniences of a first class house. A well stocked and well kept bar is connected with the House.

Exchange Hotel.

NEAR BUFFALO DEPOT, SMETHPORT, PA.

J. H. SOWERS, Proprietor.

This Hotel is newly made and furnished in all respects for the comfort and convenience of the traveling public.

BENTON HOUSE

Larrabees, Pa.

F. J. VICKERY, - Prop'r.

Located directly opposite the McK & B. and B. N. Y. & P. RR depots. The house has recently been rebuilt and newly furnished in the most modern style and is now a first class house.

SARTWELL HOUSE,

Port Allegany, Pa.

S. C. SARTWELL, - PROPRIETOR

The above House has been recently Rebuilt Refurnished and Refitted in the Latest Style for the convenience of Guests.

BRADFORD HOUSE,

380 *Exchange, Cor. Louisiana St.,*

Opposite the B. N. Y. & P. R. R. Depot

BUFFALO, N. Y.

ED. SEIL, - - - Proprietor

AKIN HOUSE,

No. 8, Washington St.,

BRADFORD, PA.,

MARION AKIN, Proprietor.

Terms, $1 Per Day

Liberal terms to Commercial Travelers. Good Livery and Feed Stables connected with the House.

Pierce House,

(Near B., K. & E. R. R. Depot.)

Water St., - - - - Smethport, Pa.

A. H. PIERCE, Proprietor.

Restaurant, Lunch Counter and Refined Parlors connected. Everything new, having been just completed. Charges very moderate.

Broezel's Hotel,

cor. *Seneca and Wells Streets,*

BUFFALO, N. Y.

First Class in every respect.

John Broezel - Prop'r.

SCOTT HOUSE

E. L. SCOTT, PROPRIETOR,

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

OFFICE: Room No. 7, Rent well House.

SMETHPORT, PA.

S. D. FREEMAN.

Surgeon, Obstetrician and Consulting Physician and Surgeon.

Office hours from 10 to 12 a. m. and 1 to 2 p. m.

Smethport, Pa.

H. L. McCOY.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Office in Bostwick Building, Main street.

Smethport, Pa.

Land Office of the Bingham Estate.

WELLSBOROUGH, Penn'a, Feb'y 28, 1878.

All persons are hereby cautioned against trespassing upon the unsold lots of this estate without proper authority therefor. As trespassers on any lands of the estate, by any person, for any purpose, will make such person or persons liable to prosecution for trespass.

Persons who have bought or leased lands of this estate have deeds, contracts, or leases. The title deeds give exact descriptions of the lands to which they refer, and the contracts and leases have the same details which show their location. All claims to rights or privileges on lands of this estate, unaccompanied by such evidence, are without foundation, and will not be recognized.

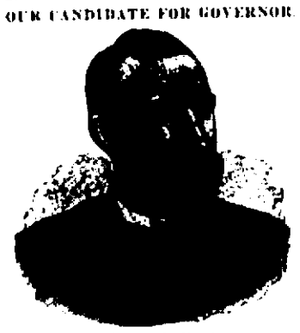
ROBT. C. SIMPSON,
Agent of the Trustees.

THE McKEAN MINER.

Smethport, Pa., August 31, 1882.

H. F. BARBOUR, Editor.

OUR CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR



GEN. JAMES A. BEAVER

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

For Governor,
GENERAL JAMES A. BEAVER,
of Centre Co.

For Lieut.-Governor,
W. T. DAVIES,
of Bradford County.

For Supreme Judge,
WILLIAM HENRY RAWLE,
of Philadelphia.

For Secretary of Internal Affairs,
JOHN M. GREER,
of Butler.

For Congressman at Large,
MARRIOT BROOMS,
of Lancaster.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET.

CONGRESSIONAL.

For Congress,
WALLACE W. BROWN,
of Bradford City.

JUDICIARY

For Additional Law Judge,
N. B. SMILEY,
of Bradford City.

For Assemblyman,
DAVID STURDEVANT,
of Smethport.

For Jury Commissioner,
E. F. CLARK,
of Bradford Township.

Republicans Bear in Mind

That the last day for being assessed is Thursday, September 7.

That the last day for paying taxes is Saturday, October 7.

That the last day for being naturalized is Saturday, October 7.

That the election occurs Tuesday, November 7

THE CONGRESSIONAL QUESTION

If the action of the Cameron County Republican Convention gave Hon. W. W. Brown an equal chance in the competition for the Congressional nomination with Congressman Walker, the result of the Republican primaries in Tioga county has placed him in a position decided ly in the advance in the race. Most of our readers are undoubtedly aware that in Tioga county nominations are made under the Crawford county system, that is, members of the party vote as at the regular election for their choice for nominees, and the county convention is composed only of the return judges who have only the formal duty of returning the vote of their several precincts.

There are many good reasons in favor of this system of making nominations. Under it the result is, if not a more fair, certainly a more unequivocal and emphatic expression of the choice of the rank and file of the party. The result is therefore peculiarly gratifying to the friends of Mr. Brown, and in itself very significant. He was opposed by competitors of unusual strength, the present incumbent with the prestige of the position and the precedent of the customary renomination of a fairly successful member, and a well known and popular citizen of the county seeking the endorsement of his friends, neighbors and old-time political supporters. Yet the vote of Mr. Brown was nearly double that of the combined vote of Mr. Walker and Mr. Strang. There is a significance in this vote that cannot safely be overlooked by the balance of the district in deciding as to which direction the weight of their choice should be thrown. Whether just or unjust it is very evident that the Republican voters of Tioga county are not sufficiently satisfied with the course of Mr. Walker to give him the compliment and reward of a renomination. The sudden and unlooked for candidacy of Butler B. Strang is yet an unsolved mystery, and the why and wherefore of his hastily conceived ambition for Congressional honors is among the matters to be explained. Whether it was an honest though tardy effort for the nomination or a diversion for another purpose it is not necessary now to inquire. At all events he did not develop sufficient strength to have affected the result.

The expression of the choice of the Republicans of the district as made thus far is so strong a showing in favor of the candidate of McKean county that his most timid supporters are emboldened to demand recognition of his claims and strength as a candidate on the part of counties yet to be heard from. The two counties polling at the last Congressional election over half the Republican vote of the district have demanded in the most unequivocal terms the nomination of Mr. Brown in preference to Mr. Walker, while the Republican convention of one other county (Cameron) refused to endorse him by instructing its delegates to support him. Lycoming will naturally, and we think very properly, instruct her delegates for him. It remains with Potter and Sullivan to decide the issue. It is not part of our purpose to assail Mr. Walker. He has been, we believe, a faithful, conscientious and hard working Representative. He may have made mistakes, but we leave it to Democrats, "Reformers" and the parties with a grievance to belittle his good qualities and magnify his errors. Yet facts are stubborn things, and we believe the assurance of the election of the Republican candidate would be made doubly sure and the interests of the party and the district be fully as well provided for, were the choice of the counties giving the majority of the Republican vote of the district to be justly respected and gracefully conceded. Mr. Brown is personally endowed with the peculiar requisites of a successful and useful representative in Congress. He has experience as a legislator, parliamentarian and speaker, he is an indefatigable worker, a persistent advocate and an earnest, unshaken and unshaky Republican. His nomination will be a concession to the needs, productive wealth and commercial interests of the oil regions that will be gratefully appreciated by the party in McKean and never forgotten.

In refering to the result of the Tioga county primaries the Bradford Sunday *Star* says:

The friends of Mr. Brown have every reason to be gratified with the result. It is more than a compliment. The advantage gained is really a formidable one. Out of the eighteen votes of the conference he has already secured six positively and three negitively while the rest are still in the woods. In other words, out of the nine delegates already elected six are instructed for Mr. Brown and three are uninstructed except as against Mr. Walker, the resolution in his favor having been voted down in the Cameron convention. It looks like a tidal wave. The opportunity for McKean seems to be at hand. Whether the friends of Congressman Walker can stem the tide in Potter, Sullivan and Lycoming is yet unknown, but they must do it in all three of those counties to secure his renomination. If Mr. Brown is permitted to carry another county his nomination is assured. The manifestation yesterday of Mr. Walker's apparent weakness in a county where he was credited with especial strength will go far to overcome the prestige of the two-term rule. Tioga and McKean, if reinforced by Cameron, represent three-fourths of the Republican counties of the entire Republican vote. Their judgment cannot prudently be ignored by the renominder of the district. Their opinion will doubtless be weighed and respected in the party councils to come. Their preference cannot be unheeded in the deliberations of their fellow Republicans of Potter, Sullivan and Lycoming. It would be strange if both Sullivan and Potter should disregard the choice so positively declared. The latter county with great unanimity gave its recommendation to Mr. Brown in 1880. The manifest preference for that gentleman already expressed in the influential counties that have taken action will certainly afford the Republicans of Potter county ample reason for waiving the customary compliment of a second term and according to Mr. Brown again the recommendation so emphatically expressed in their convention two years ago. Such action on the part of the Republicans of Potter would be a token of good fellowship that McKean may have occasion to remember. It would relieve the conference of any embarrassment and consequently promote the harmony of the party throughout the district. A prolonged struggle, on the other hand, must be attended with all the incidents and followed by all the dangers that were so painfully illustrated in the last Congressional campaign. Will any such contest be permitted to occur?

It will never be forgotten that the geographical claims of McKean county have never been recognized in the selection of a candidate for Congress. It will be remembered that McKean has with great uniformity contributed a substantial majority for the Republican candidate, never flinching even under the trying circumstances with which it was beset in the last campaign. The commercial, industrial and various public interests that centre here appeal, also, for such recognition as it is in the power of the conference to afford. The Republicans of the Sixteenth District cannot wisely turn a deaf ear to these considerations.

We also append the following from the Petroleum *Age*, a distinctive oil journal, as expressive of the sentiments of that important interest

The *Age* has no interest in politics except so far as it affects the petroleum industry. It cannot help watching closely the honorable gentlemen, however, who have been called to represent the oil regions in the various halls of legislation, both state and national. Questions touching upon taxation, which come up in one form or another, are always of more or less interest to every citizen. The oil region asks no favors in this regard, however, and it would probably receive none were it forced to make the plea. But it is not certain that something may not transpire in the future when it would be found of great value to have the region properly represented that is, by men who could be depended upon for support in the right direction. Wherever possible, therefore, to wedge in a representative to the state or national halls, effort should be made to that end. During the past two years it has been demonstrated beyond a doubt that, but for the presence of men in our state legislature who were possessed of the right species of character and honesty of purpose the region would now be suffering from a burden of taxation of their only product. It was well that the various sections had the foresight to make such selections. In Congress, however, it strikes us we are not so safely housed. We regret to be compelled to admit that Hon. R. J. C. Walker, our only oil representative in that great body, so far forgot his own personal interest, to say nothing of those of his oil region constituency, as to cast his ballot for what is properly termed the great River and Harbor steal on its passage, and then dodge the question on the veto. Dodging is bad business. We cannot afford to have representatives who will have any connection with such disreputable legislation or in any way aid or assist in the work. We want men of another stamp. A few are now before the people from the region in the attitude of petitioners to their respective party conventions for nomination to the candidacy. For Congress there is one on the regular Republican track, Hon. W. W. Brown, whom we should not fear to uphold as an upright oil man, and one who would see, to his ability, to the needs of this country. Then, moreover, McKean county, Penn., was organized in 1804, and has never been represented in Congress; the wealthiest county, perhaps, in the United States. Last year it produced 67,779,252 barrels of oil which, at the low price of the product, an average for the year of 86 cents, brought $58,290,135 to the producers and furnished an article of export greater than all others except cotton and cereals. This is principally the work of McKean county, Pa. We therefore ask for a Congressman, and one whose interests lie here.—*Petroleum Age.*

THE "Independent Bosses" of Pennsylvania yell that they are all protectionists and would not be found in free trade company. But this does not hide the fact that the free-traders are working with might and main for them, because they know if this Independent movement develops any strength the Republicans will be defeated and the free-trade Democracy will get into power.

FOLGER and Teller alone represent the Administration at the deserted capital.

The Real Issue.

The Independent tactics, says an exchange, so far as we have understood them, are to form an issue between Cameron and themselves, and to enlist anti-Cameron men in their ranks by asserting that the Harrisburg ticket is his ticket, and represents him and not the people, while their ticket represents the people and opposition to Cameron.

The real issue in this fight is Shall Gen. Beaver and the Republican party have the government of Pennsylvania, or shall a Democratic Governor and his party have it? The Independents may throw as much fog and sentiment into this campaign as their able leaders can manufacture; but the people will see the issue through all, and will not be deceived by an artful attack on Don Cameron, not by any assumed guardianship of the name of our noble martyr President.

This is not Don Cameron's fight that comes in two years, and the earnest efforts to urge upon regular Republicans a ratification of Cameron in this canvass is an evidence of the wisdom of the men who seek power through the Senator's unpopularity. It is not true, as is reiterated by Independents, that a vote for Beaver is a vote for Cameron, and no man of practical common sense will be misled by the assertion. Gen. Beaver was the choice of the Republican convention, there was practically no opposition to him, and the counties where there was any decided following for any other candidate would number less than the eleven that had no representation at Philadelphia. A Republican may like or dislike Senator Cameron, he may trust either of the Pennsylvania Senators or neither, he may believe in leaders or proudly announce himself free from all influences, but if he is a Republican, he cannot on the issues in this campaign refuse the party support.

The cunning attempt to force an issue upon the people two years before it is due, and make Gen. Beaver and the Republican party pay all of Don Cameron's debts, will not do. When the issue of Cameron and anti-Cameron comes it will be met and decided by the Republicans, but it is not now before us. The present issue is the old one we have fought over an often between Republicanism and Democracy, and it cannot be obscured by brilliant attacks upon a Senator. A vote for Beaver is no more a ratification of Cameron's action than a vote for Stewart is an endorsement of the Mexican government which the Independent candidate wished to visit as American Minister, and it does not endorse Cameron a tithe as much as an Independent vote endorses the constitutional salary grab for which Stewart voted. The attempts to load upon the party all the acts of Cameron since the earliest day when he had political influence, and to force the endorsement of all his methods upon the ticket this year, is a little more than can be done with all the skillful engineering of experienced politicians. The Republicans cannot be driven from a good ticket, regularly chosen by a full representative convention, by any meaningless slogan. They may dislike Cameronism, but they love Republicanism; they may hate bossism, but a barren city will not carry them into a Democratic camp. The people may be ever so ready to beat Don Cameron's sceptre from him, but they will not throw victory to the Democrats two years before such action is possible in an absurd attempt to accomplish a result prematurely.

The Independent party is nominally built upon opposition to Cameronism and cunning men like Wolfe and Barker, hungry for power, try to force the many who oppose Cameron to join a few leaders who hate the Republican party because it has not given them the power and place their self estimated merit deserves. They are trying to make voters forget the real issue and see only the one which is in the future; they seek to cover the fact that the Independents are acting with the Democrats by asserting that Cameron and the Republican party are one, and they are skillfully using every artifice to delude the voter who, while loving the old party, hates the Cameron influence.

Free, and intelligent discussion will do away with any effect of Independent sophistry, and when the staunch Republican voters clearly understand that Gen. Beaver or a Democrat must be elected, that the party must win or turn over the entire State government and the apportionment to the old-time enemy, that cunning manipulators are trying to procure a political abortion and get an issue before the voters two years before it can be legitimately brought forward, they will turn in unanimously and support "Hero Beaver," Senator Davies and the whole ticket, against which no word can be said so far as personal integrity, ability and fairness are concerned. Bear the issue in mind, and remember that when a party gets so progressive that it takes up an issue that must wait two years for its birthday, it is a little too previous for ordinary business men. When the issue comes they can with some consistence ask for votes, now it is premature and absurd; and the Republicans who understand the situation will not pay much attention to their requests.

THE issues to be settled in the coming election by the voters of Pennsylvania are of much wider importance than the interests of a single state. Pennsylvania is the Keystone of the arch in more senses than one. The moral effect of a victory for the Republican candidates this fall will be felt all over the Union. If the party that has ruled Pennsylvania for twenty-two years and has been such a faithful conservator of the honor and glory of the state should be defeated, it will make the election of a Republican President two years hence a question of doubt. But if Republicans do their whole duty from now up to the day of election, Pennsylvania will again be enrolled in the grand old party's list.

NEARLY all the States hold their Congressional and State elections on the 7th of November. The exceptions are: Maine, September 11; Ohio and West Virginia, October 10. Arkansas will elect state officers September 4, Vermont September 5, and Georgia October 4. These three states will elect Congressmen on the 7th of November. The next state election will not occur in Louisiana until April, 1884. Oregon is the only state that has held an election for the next Congress. State officers were elected in Rhode Island April 5, Alabama August 7, and Kentucky August 6.

The Sham Talk about Political Assessments.

The New York *Times* referring to the political assessments made upon clerks in the departments at Washington by the Republican National Committee, inquires, "What use is made of the money thus obtained?" If the attaches of the *Times* who are found hanging about the State Committee rooms during every election canvass could be made to tell the truth the public might be furnished with a satisfactory answer. In the first place, are expenses of rooms, clerks and assistants, stationery, printing, postage, telegraphing, employing parties to canvass the 12,000 school districts, securing speech-makers to send through the state—but few of these men can afford to give their time and pay their own expenses.

There must be cash in hand to pay railroad fares and other incidental bills. Many of these patriotic awakeners must have cash down before starting out. One of the most blatant of the crowd engaged in denouncing political assessments, Carl Schurz, it is known to all state committees, never would move until his wages were paid in advance. There are a hundred other things connected with a political campaign which aggregate at the close of a contest a large amount, and one of the heavy items is for advertising meetings in the New York *Times*, to be addressed in various parts of the state by distinguished orators, who, like Schurz, are hired for the occasion.

Political stars, like "the great representative of the German element" are just as necessary to attract crowds as a theatrical star. Schurz is to a political gathering what Jumbo is to Barnum's circus. Jumbo is a costly adjunct and so is Schurz. The latter cost the taxpayers of the nation a pile of money as Secretary of the Interior in turning over to Villard and his associates land enough to make two states equal to New York. That office was secured by a bargain in the canvass of 1876, when he re-entered the Republican ranks, finding that Hayes would pay better than Tilden. He is now a civil service reformer and a stay mate to Curtis, Eaton & Co. And of such are the reformers and the opponents of political assessments.

As we have said the expenses of a political campaign, which all foot up at the close show a startling amount. No one but those who have had experience as an active member of the Executive Committee have any idea of the purposes and straits Committees are subjected to in order to secure money to carry on a bold and exciting canvass. Private citizens who contribute liberally soon tire of the constant drain upon them. First come the August elections. It is important to make a good start, and show that the party is moving forward to success, and money is necessary.

Then come Maine in September, Ohio and Indiana in October, with the same story. Then follow New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, and a dozen of more States, and the *Olive Tarial* cry, "more," "more," is heard on all hands. Who wonders that private citizens who contribute month after month become tired of the "drain upon them." That sham reformer and falsifier of history, Dorman B. Eaton says in his essay on "Political Assessments," that "no party which is faithful to its principles will ever appeal to its members in vain for money really needed." If Eaton had served a year or two on the State Executive Committee of the Republican Party he would make no such statement.

It is well known to the members of the Republican National Committee that but for so-called political assessments on Federal officers States would have been lost during the last twenty years which would have given the victory and the control of the government to Democracy. The number of private citizens who contribute to election expenses in some States and localities where Democratic majorities are large are few. It is out of reason to expect men to pay to support a political party when it is like drawing teeth to get them to keep their church out of the Sheriff's hands. This gabble about "levying blackmail" upon men holding office is humbug. Every man who seeks office knows that he is expected to pay his share of the party's expenses as he is expected to pay pew rent in the church which he attends.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

Important to Voters

Election this year occurs on Tuesday, 7th of November, 1882. Polls open at 7 a. m. Voters must be assessed and registered two months preceding the election, this year on or before Tuesday, Sept. 7. Voters who have not paid a State or county tax within two years next preceding the election must pay on or before Saturday, Oct. 7. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 6 and 7, are the final days for assessing and registering. On each of these days the assessor is required to be at the polling places in his district from 10 a. m. until 3 p. m., and from 6 p. m. until 9 p. m., to perfect the list. Any elector has the right to examine the list and require correction by adding qualified voters' names or striking off disqualified ones. In case of neglect or refusal by the register the court is required to issue the summary process to compel correction. Every person added must be assessed. Naturalized citizens must produce their certificates, and the register record them. Persons intending to be naturalized may be so registered, but certificates must be secured on or before Saturday, Oct 5. The list is required to be exposed at the polling place from and after Aug. 7 for examination by electors.

THE Michigan Democrats want "immediate and aggressive revenue reform in the direction of free trade." Of course they do, and so do the wily gentlemen who are helping on the Independent fight in Pennsylvania. They know that the Republicans can never be beaten except in detail, and therefore encourage the Independents in every possible way, so that the protectionist party will be overcome, and the Democracy can get into power.

IF the next National Democratic candidate will say in his letter accepting the nomination that he will continue in office all faithful public officers without regard to politics, he will secure the applause of the civil service reformers, but not a single electoral vote. This may not be complimentary to the principles of the party, but it has the merit of truth. Democracy is after spoils, not reform—only so far as its presence serves the purpose of catching votes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE

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And

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The Choicest Brands of

Tobaccos and Cigars,

And the Finest

WOODBINE FLOUR,

Ever Offered to the Market

OUR FRESH

Bread and Cakes

Made daily by one of the Most Experienced Bakers in the County

Call and Examine our Stock and Prices.

ORDERS FOR

SLAB WOOD

left at the store will be promptly filled

S. J. GIFFORD, Proprietor.
WARLEY GIFFORD Manager.

LOOK FOR

L. W. Mason's

Special Prices on

General Hardware,

STOVES AND TINWARE.

Housekeepers' Hardware,

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,

In This Space NEXT WEEK.

P. S.—I have the Best Tinner in the County, and No Mistake

LIVERY

AND

Exchange Stables

At the Ford Knapp Barn on
WATER STREET.

JEONS & PARKER, Prop's.

Parties desiring single or double rigs for Pleasure or Business Purposes can be furnished at any time with

Good Horses and Stylish Rigs

to drive any distance. Pleasure, Fishing and Hunting parties carried at reasonable rates.

W. R. TAYLOR,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Choice Brands of

Tobacco & Cigars

PIPES, CIGAR CASES,

Smokers' Furnishing Goods, Etc.,

Main Street, SMETHPORT, PA.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ROCKWELL HOUSE
MEAT MARKET,
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Rockwell & Rooney, - Prop's.

All Kinds of

FRESH AND SALT MEATS,

VEGETABLES & FRUITS.

Our meat is always fresh and our prices the very lowest.

GIVE US A CALL.

CALL ON

C. L. DOUGLASS

For Your

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

Boots & Shoes, Etc.

He keeps on hand the best goods the markets afford. Also Proprietor of

SMETHPORT GRIST MILL.

Feed and Meal

of the very best quality at the very lowest prices. Custom work done on short notice.

Mechanic St., SMETHPORT, PA.

WAGON.

Carriage and Blacksmith Shop,

MECHANIC ST., SMETHPORT, PA.

Wm. Masser, - Prop'r.

HORSESHOEING!

A SPECIALTY.

The Greatest Care Taken in Shoeing Horses with

Bad Feet!

All kinds of Repairing done to order on short notice.

Smethport

SASH FACTORY!

Near the McKean & Buffalo Depot.

Sash, Doors and Blinds,

Matching, Mouldings,

Brackets, Planing, Turning, Etc.,

on Hand and Furnished at Short Notice.

J. C. Strong, Prop'r.

LIVERY

AND

Exchange Stables

F. O. WRIGHT, Proprietor.

Parties desiring single or double rigs for pleasure or business purposes can be furnished at any time with

Good Horses and Stylish Rigs

Drive any distance. Pleasure, Fishing and Hunting parties carried at reasonable rates.

DRUGS,

PATENT MEDICINES.

School Books, Blank Books.

Stationery,

Fancy Goods.

DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

NEWS DEPOT AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY CAN BE FOUND AT

THE

DRUG AND BOOK STORE

—OF—

A. B. ARMSTRONG,

Smethport, Pa.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

E. DE V. VERMONT & CO.,
—PUBLISHERS, OF—
76 Chambers St., New York,

Acknowledged regular correspondents of 400 Newspapers in the United States and Canada, are now Prepared to send their

Private Financial

LETTER.

FROM NEW YORK CITY,

Under White Sealed Envelope to all Investors and Speculators who may desire to receive weekly the latest information concerning the

Stock Market

In the Metropolis.

HINTS AND POINTS

Furnished to Speculators concerning the probable rise or decline in Stocks. Also reliable advice to Investors and Capitalists concerning

SECURE AND PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS.

NOTICE:—E. de V. Vermont & Co., not being connected directly or indirectly with any Bankers' or Bankers' business give their information and advice with full impartiality and without being influenced in the least by personal interest. Letter sent regularly by Monday night's mail; in closed envelope, for THIRTEEN CONSECUTIVE WEEKS on the receipt of the sum of ONE DOLLAR sent to

E. DE V. VERMONT & CO., Pub's,
76 Chambers street, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SPELLING LESSON!

The following words (with a thousand others too numerous to mention) are all ready to sell, and the article represented by each word can always be found at Sprague's One Price Hardware Store, and at a lower price (for the same quality of goods) than at any other place in the best of the state. No cutting of prices on articles which every one knows the price of, and the same being up by charging three prices for articles you don't know the cost of. I never learned to use the phrase, "Seeing it's you, you can have it for so much," &c. I will not be understood, "but don't you forget it."

Axes,	Jointers,	Ladders,	Saws,
Vises,	Irish movers,	Latches,	Nail,
Augers,	Egg beaters,	Lanterns,	Screws,
Awls,	Elbows,	Levels,	Screen,
Axle Grease,	Escutcheons,	Locks,	Shears,
Alabastine,	Files,	Lifters,	Shovels,
Brushes,	Fishing tackle	Lemon Squeezers,	Silverware,
Bells,	Faucets,	Mallets,	Sieves,
Bolts,	Forks,	Matches,	Steels,
Boxes,	Fryers,	Measures,	Spoons,
Braces,	Fingers,	Mops,	Spade,
Brackets,	Grinders,	Nails,	Sticks,
Brooms,	Gong,	Nuts,	Tap reamers,
Burrs,	Grindstones,	Oils,	Valves,
Bolts,	Gun caps,	Oilers,	Valve Ware,
Bird Cages,	Gauges,	Openers,	Teeth,
Blacking,	Gallers,	Pins,	Tacks,
Bed Cords,	Hoes,	Pegs,	Traps,
Bung Borers,	Hammers,	Pails,	Tinware,
Butts,	Hatchets,	Pairers,	Tools,
Bed Casters,	Handles,	Picks,	Trays,
Clews,	Hangers,	Planes,	Trowels,
Cans,	Hasps,	Plaids,	Tweezers,
Iron Bars,	Hinges,	Pliers,	Woodenware,
Cartridges,	Hoes,	Rivets,	Willowware,
Chains,	Hooks,	Rippers,	Warmers,
Catches,	Hose pails,	Reamer,	Whips,
Coffee Mills,	Ice tools,	Pulleys,	Well Buckets,
Cookers,	Iron,	Points,	Washboards,
Clamps,	Kettles,	Paints,	White Lead,
Carpenters,	Keys,	Rings,	Wrenches,
Cutlery,	Knives,	Rakes,	Wire Cloth,
Curry Combs,	Knives,	Razors,	Wood Twine,
Drawers,	Knobs,	Rivets,	Wire Cloth,
Clothes Lines,	Ramps,	Rules,	Window Glass,
Copper Ware,	Lamp chains,	Rules,	Zinc.
Draw Shaves.	Lamp Chimneys.	Saws,	

P. S.—I have one of the Best Tinners in the State.
M. A. Sprague.

H. W. RUBIN,

Dealer in

Gold and Silver Watches.

—JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE.—

Having employed a first-class Watchmaker and Engraver, I am now prepared to do all manner of

ENGRAVING,

and such work as belongs to the trade.

ALL WORK WARRANTED

I have also on hand a fine assortment of

LADIES' AND GENTS'

FURNISHING Goods.

MAIN STREET, SMETHPORT, PA.

J. DIGEL'S MARBLE FACTORY,

Water Street, Smethport, Pa.

ALL KINDS OF

Monumental, Marble and Stone Work Done to Order

—100—Years

New Ready, New Edition. LADIES in the WHITE House.

NEW

Meat and Vegetable

MARKET!

Having recently opened a meat and Vegetable market in

SMETHPORT!

I am prepared to furnish the people of the town and adjacent country with

Fresh meat, Ham, Sausages, Salt meats, Corned Beef, Lard, Chickens, &c., always on hand.

—ALSO,—

VEGETABLES!

IN THEIR SEASON.

Highest market price paid for Hides.

G. W. WILLIAMS.

Main Street, - - - Smethport, Pa.
36tf

MARBLE FRONT

BARBER SHOP

ALFRED STURDEVENT

Would respectfully announce to his patrons and the public generally that he has moved his Barber shop into his recently finished and commodious new Marble Front building next door to W. H. Dailey's store, Main street, where he is prepared to do

SHAVING,
HAIR-CUTTING,
SHAMPOOING,

In the latest style of the Art. None but first-class workmen employed.

Bath Rooms Attached.

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

BEATTY'S ORGANS $27 upwards, to sets reeds only $60. PIANOS $125 to $1000. Illustrated Catalogue Beauty, sent on BEATTY, Washington, N. J. Write or Skipr.

How-When-Where-Why

HOW?

Put money in your purse and come to my store where you can buy goods cheap.

WHEN?

Any time.

WHERE?

At my store in Colegrove. I invite examination and inspection.

WHY?

That's the question. Why buy of me? Well, because in justice to yourselves, friends and families.

Goods are all Marked in Plain Figures.

I can sell you better Goods and Cheaper than any other dealer in this Valley.

C. M. COLEGROVE.

Colegrove, Pa. Sept. 28, 1881.6m.

F. M. BALL,

MANUFACTURER OF

WAGONS, CARRIAGES, SLEIGHS, ETC.

Blacksmithing, Repairing, and Horseshoeing Done.

ALL KINDS OF PAINTING NEATLY EXECUTED.

WATER ST., SMETHPORT, PA.

JOB PRINTING executed with neatness and dispatch. We are constantly adding to our already well stocked Job Department all the latest styles of type and facilities for doing fancy printing.

THE McKEAN MINER.

Smethport, Pa., August 31, 1882.

Important Newspaper Decisions.

A subscriber is required to give notice for the discontinuing a paper; does not answer the purpose to subscribe; if does not take the paper from the office, and state the reason for which he has taken, and a neglect to do so makes the subscriber responsible to the publishers for the price.

A person who takes a paper from the post office, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed for it or not, is responsible for the pay.

If a person orders a paper discontinued he must pay all arrearages, or the publishers may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether it be taken from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance until the payment is made.

In suits for subscriptions, the publication of a newspaper and refusing to take it from the post office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

New Advertisements

Estate of D. C. Brown.
D. Hagerty — Clergyman.
Sheriff's Sales — A. J. Wilcox.
Notice — Baker & Gifford.
Notice — Kennedy, Wm. Mosier.
Meat Market — Beckwith & Keeney.
Livery — Irons & Parker.
Hardware — L. M. Mason.
Sash Factory — J. D. Steele.
Grocery and Meat — C. L. Douglass.
Plumber — J. T. Donahue.
Tobacco and Cigars — W. R. Taylor.
Fly and Bolt — G. H. Picard.
Grand Central Hotel — H. S. Sartwell.
Denton Hotel — F. J. Vickery.
Agents Wanted — Brooks & Co.

HERE AND HEREABOUTS.

A large supply of Fall Hats just received at W. D. Gallup's.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Keefe have been blessed with a bouncing boy baby.

A fine stock of Men and boys' Boots just received at W. D. Gallup's.

Rev. E. P. Hubbell will preach next Sunday morning and evening at the usual time at the M. E. Church.

Don't forget the dance to-night, for the benefit of the Smethport Independent Hose No. 2, at the old Masonic Hall.

The proprietor of the Picard House has made a notable improvement in the extension of the drive way fronting the hotel.

W. S. Cornell, of East Smethport, who has been an invalid for a number of years, is very low. He is one of the pioneer citizens of the county.

We very much regret to learn that the wife of Mr. Wm. Musser, who has been seriously ill some weeks, is no better and that her condition is very critical.

Mr. A. E. Stickles expresses his good will toward the MINER force in a manner most gratifying. Good eating apples never come amiss, and those were fine.

The Big Bridge is completed and in a few days it will be tested. The road is graded south of the bridge within 10 miles of it and is being rapidly pushed.

The Cherry Grove oil company, of Warren, Warren county, with capital stock of $1,000,000, nearly all held by E. H. Rockwell, of Warren, and W. H. Donnuck, of Honesdale.

Next Monday a party composed of Mr. W. D. Gallup, Mr. H. Hamlin, Mr. Robert Rose, and Mr. A. Hamar start for Dakota on a pleasure and hunting trip to be absent about two weeks.

Hon. Lucius Rogers is about to become a citizen of Colorado, for a time at least. He can be addressed at Leadville, Colorado. We hope he may win an immense fortune and come back to Smethport to spend it.

Every young man who voted on age in 1881, or if of age and did not vote, should be registered and a tax assessed against him. Unless this is done sixty days before the election, he cannot vote. This is very important.

According to the census bulletin lately issued the total population of Pennsylvania is 4,282,891, white, 4,197,016, colored, 85,875. The State has 1,004,234 voters, including native white 707,562, foreign 272,880, colored 23,792.

J. J. Carter informs the Titusville *Herald* that the survey for a narrow gauge railroad from Titusville to Garfield has already been made, and that only $75,000 additional subscription is required to build the road in three months.

The latest "corner" is on tanbark, which is selling as high as $15 a cord against $10 in the spring. A few dealers now hold the main supply, and during the past few weeks have bought up every available cord in outside hands.—*Buffalo Express.*

In July the gross earnings of the Pennsylvania railroad lines east of Pittsburg and Erie were $4,140,150 and the operating expenses $2,502,059. As compared with July of last year the receipts are increased $456,731 and the expenses $212,610.

A fine specimen of local art work can be seen in L. W. Mason's hardware store. It is a picture of Mrs. Tucker done in india ink by her husband, and not only is very lifelike and correct but shows unusual skill and merit in execution. It is well worth examining.

A friendly game of base ball was played between the Sawyer City and the Smethport clubs yesterday, resulting in a victory for the town club. The contest was conducted throughout with the utmost fairness on all sides, and the best of feeling maintained to the close of the game.

The grandest narrow-gauge line in America," is what A. N. Cole, of Wellsville N. Y., calls the Bradford & Oil City line, which is divided as follows, on paper:

Bradford & Garfield Air Line, 20 miles, from Bradford to Anderson's on the Kinzua. Next comes the Bradford and Tionesta, 12 miles, between Anderson's & Tuna, the Gargeld and Cherry Grove, now being pushed vigorously with a large force, 10 miles, between Tuna and Garfield and thence into and among the Jamison wells of the Cherry Grove district. Next comes the Garfield & Tionesta, 5 miles between Garfield and the mouth of Tionesta Creek, and thence by way of Tionesta and Oil City narrow gauge of 3 miles, charter for which has been obtained a distance of 90 miles, and the main is made complete, connecting the Erie's line at Bradford with the entire oil region.

New York and New England capital is contained in the building of this road. It will be steel railed, 35 pounds weight, ballasted and tied in competent manner, of easy grade, substantially air line, following valleys and passing through oil territory the entire distance.

—Governor Hoyt has appointed Henry M. Seely president judge of Wayne and Pike counties, in place of Hon. Charles P. Walker, who died recently. The selection of Mr. Seely to fill the vacancy was requested in a number of letters addressed to the Governor by members of the bar in the Wayne and Pike county Judicial districts.

—W. R. Taylor made a narrow escape from a very serious accident while driving down the Farmers Valley road a few days ago. His horse becoming frightened slid out of the road suddenly, throwing him out. He struck heavily on his head and shoulders, and was badly cut on the head beside suffering other painful bruises. It is fortunate that no bones were broken and that he was not injured more seriously.

—Readers of the MINER could not have noticed the new advertisement of D. C. Young in the last issue. He is able to close out his present stock at such reduction from former prices that will be an inducement to purchasers, and in addition will constantly replenish with the latest and best styles of dress goods. Next week he will also put in a large stock of fine groceries. When he has fully stocked up it will be the most thoroughly and fully stocked store in the county.

We are informed that down in Elk county the Prothonotary has issued but two writs from May 3 to August 25, inclusive; that there is not a prisoner in jail, and not a single transcript has been sent up from the justices of the peace. This is certainly a remarkable statement and indicates that the citizens of that county are either very peaceful or very much discouraged. What is more strange there are now two railroads being built through the county seat. Our informant suggests that some of our McKean county lawyers be sent down there to stir up and antagonize the citizens.

—The heavy passenger travel and the unusually large increase of freight traffic have brought the earnings of the Philadelphia and Erie for July up to fully ten per cent. in excess of those for any previous month. Business has been of such a character that the operating expenses are less than for the same month of last year, and make the net earnings thirty per cent. in excess of the last month before this. The gross earnings, $477,296; expenses, $240,208; expenses, $216,121; net earnings, $160,974.

A dispatch from Williamsport says that orders have been issued to the contractors on the Jersey Shore, Pine Creek and Buffalo railroad to push their work more rapidly than they have been doing, as Mr. Vanderbilt is anxious to have the cars running between Williamsport and Jersey Shore by the first of November. The distance is about fifteen miles and as all the heavy grading and rock cutting has been done, there is no good reason why the cars should not be running by the time specified. The heaviest work now is the completion of the culvert over the creek at Linden. In the Williamsport lumber yards, through which the road passes, the contractor has just finished driving about seven thousand feet of piles and the work of laying the stringers will commence at once.

OUR BRADFORD BUDGET

A BUNDLE OF NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS NOT CULLED FROM THE LOCAL DAILY PAPERS.

The Rev. Edward Bryan has accepted a call to the pulpit of the Presbyterian church of this city.

The new furniture factory is being rapidly completed, and will soon be pointed to with pride as one of Bradford's prominent industries.

The Hon. Lewis Emery who has been traveling in the east returned to New York last week on the steamer Germania. He is expected home soon.

Mr. John Shaver, formerly of the Parker House and more recently of the Bradford House is going to Buffalo to engage in the hotel business in that city.

—The Rochester and Pittsburg road will be opened in a formal manner early in September. It is probable that it will be inaugurated with an excursion from this city to Rochester.

—A merry party left this city for Niagara Falls on Tuesday morning. The excursion was under the management of the B., N. Y. & P. R. R. The party ran the gauntlet of the hackman and the curiosity venders and returned sound in mind and body.

—It is just reported among the newspaper fraternity of this city that the Standard Oil Co. are about to purchase the Buffalo *Courier* and transform it into the organ of that grasping Octopus. Perhaps a gram or two of salt should be taken with the story.

—The Firemen's Convention and Barnum's Circus will soon be here. The subscription for the former is growing and the boys are saving their pennies for the latter. Another gorgeous advertising car with a steam music accompaniment arrived last Saturday, and the town is plastered with the most astonishing bills.

—The Roth House is closed and the Deputy Sheriffs carry the keys. Cause—too high rent and too little trade. Unless Main street landlords exercise more good sense and reduce rents to a figure somewhat proportionate with trade and the price of oil, the Sheriff will carry the keys of a great many more places of business.

—W. W. Howard, a former attache of the *Star*, now holding a responsible position on the Philadelphia *Times* was looking up his old friends in town this week. Howard is an industrious, conscientious and painstaking newspaper man and will succeed where others more cheeky than he would have failed. We are glad to know that merit will sometimes win in this world.

—The death of Charley Wicker again calls attention to the oft told lesson that whiskey will beat the best of them. He was a good printer and an intelligent and competent newspaper man, but he was a good fellow with convivial tastes, and the habit got the best of him. He was no worse than thousands of others who go to and fro and take their drinks regularly, boasting of their strength and cast-iron-copper-lined capacities. He may have been weaker because of a difference in nervous organism, but it is only a question of time with all who meddle with the serpent when they will have to succumb. Better let it alone.

Important to Pensioners.

It may be of importance to pensioners to know and remember that Dr. E. G. Brown, pension examiner, will be at his office every Wednesday to make necessary examinations.

Change of Time.

The management of the B., N. Y. & P. Railway have wisely decided to adopt New York time in running of trains instead of Buffalo time as heretofore. The change will take place October 1st. This will save passengers a great annoyance.

Teachers' Institute.

The Annual Teachers' Institute will be held in October, beginning on the 16th and continuing five days. We understand that the County Superintendent has decided to hold the Institute in this borough and is perfecting ample arrangements for an unusually pleasant and profitable session.

Teachers' Examinations.

The appointments of the County Superintendent for the examination of teachers yet to be held throughout the county are as follows:

Kendall, Friday, Sept. 1, Kendall, Foster township, Saturday, Sept. 2, Gillmor; Lafayette township, Monday, Sept. 4, Alton, Wetmore township, Tuesday, Sept. 5, Kane; Hamlin, Monday, Nov. 6, White School House; Sergeant, Tuesday, Nov. 7, Clermont, Norwich, Wednesday, Nov. 8, Norwich, Annin, Thursday, Nov. 9 Turtle Point, Cerve, Friday, Nov. 10, Cyres; Eldred, Saturday, Nov. 11, Eldred borough, Otto, Monday, Nov. 13, Rixford, Keating, Tuesday, Nov. 14, Smethport, Hamilton, Thursday, Nov. 16, Bartholomew School House, Lafayette, Friday, Nov. 17, Coffee Run.

All examination begin at 9:30 a. m. Applicants entering the class late cannot be examined in what has been passed over. Special examinations by arrangement with directors only. No special examinations for residents of the county. Applicants should supply themselves with cap paper. It is not possible for a superintendent to know who may apply for schools, therefore directors should notify applicants of examination. Directors are especially requested to be present at examination in their district. Annual Teachers' Institute for 5 days beginning October 15, at 2 p. m.

Some New Advertisers.

Several of our citizens some of whom were former advertisers and others who to-day make their first appearance in our columns, make a new announcement of interest to the public in this issue. We wish to briefly call attention thereto.

THE GRAND CENTRAL

Hotel, as previously stated, is now under the management of H. S. Sartwell, also proprietor of the Rockwell House. He is a born hotel proprietor and now having a wider field can do justice to his many friends and take care of them all. It is destined to be one of the most popular houses in the county.

THE PICARD HOUSE

adjoining the Grand Central, under the management of G. H. Picard, is one of the new hotels of Smethport. It has gained a thriving trade, and is one of those places where the guest is sure of being well cared for.

C. L. DOUGLASS

invites the patronage of the public at his grocery and provision store and bakery on Mechanic street. Wesley Gifford, formerly of King & Gifford, has charge of the business. Wesley is well known to the trading public of this section of the county and has lots of friends and well wishers. He will keep the best line of groceries that money can buy and experience and good judgment can select. Connected therewith is a first class bakery. Purchasers will do well to give the boys a share of their patronage.

C. L. DOUGLASS

One of the oldest and most reputable flouring mills in this section is owned by Mr. C. L. Douglass. He is not only a practical and experienced miller, but what is more rare, an honest one. Charley will always give good measure and take honest "toll." He also has a well stocked grocery store in connection with his mill.

L. W. MASON

Smethport is well supplied with hardware stores, and all are equal in their appointments with any in the county. Mr. Mason is the latest one established, and from small beginnings he has built up a good trade and has a well stocked and extensive establishment. He is a practical tinner, and makes a specialty of that branch of the business.

W. R. TAYLOR.

If you want a good cigar, a little fine-cut or plug, there is no better place to suit your wants than at W. R. Taylor's cigar store. A full supply of all things needed by lovers of the weed kept constantly on hand.

BERGSTRESSER, THE PHOTOGRAPHER,

has one of the best arranged galleries in the state. He makes a specialty of views and scenic pictures. It is headquarters for frames of all kinds.

J. G. STRONG

has a well arranged sash and blind factory and planing mill near the McKean & Buffalo depot, where he is turning out a large quantity of excellent work in the line of sash, blinds doors, mouldings, etc. Builders can be furnished with anything desired, at his mills.

WM. MUSSER

calls attention to his blacksmith and repair shop on Mechanic street. He is a first-class mechanic, and gives especial attention to the shoeing of horses. Parties owning horses with bad feet resulting from the work of bungling blacksmiths or any other cause will find satisfaction on calling on Mr. Musser.

ROCKWELL & KOONAN'S

meat market at the east end of the Rockwell House, is deserving of the patronage of the public. Fresh and salt meat kept constantly on hand, and every effort will be made to give satisfaction to patrons.

IRONS & PARKER,

at Knapp's livery barn, on Water street, are prepared to furnish patrons with any kind of a turn out desired at the shortest notice, and at any time day or night. Give them a call when you want a rig either for business or pleasure.

J. T. DONAHUE,

the plumber, at No. 3, Kennedy street, Bradford, has done a great deal of work in Smethport, and his work speaks for itself. When you want any plumbing or gas-fitting done look up his card in the MINER and drop him a postal.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE MINER.

New York, August 28, 1882.

THE USE OF USELESS THINGS.

Modern invention is utilizing a multitude of hitherto waste material, and bringing up repeated arguments to prove the old adage that nothing is made in vain—although the wildest dreams of the most chimerical inventor have not yet evolved the purposes of divine Providence in creating the Jersey mosquito or the ant which gets into the picnic ice cream. For years the coal mining and transportation companies have been piling up great heaps of coal dust and refuse, to their own inconvenience and from which no income could be derived. The Philadelphia and Reading Railroad have been experimenting upon appliances for using their refuse and have had their coal dust heaps surveyed, resulting in an estimate that those heaps contain 80 millions of tons of dust of which 40 millions of tons can be used as fuel.

Another illustration of the use of waste materials was shown me a few days ago in a substance called "mineral wool." In appearance it resembles raw cotton, but with the difference that when compressed it does not return to its former "pluffiness" as cotton does, but will pack down to nearly a solid mass. It is made from the "slack" refuse from iron furnaces, hitherto thrown out wherever it can be got rid of, and at the service of anybody who will take it away for roads and ballast. The slack as it issues from the furnace is subjected to a powerful jet of steam by which it is driven like snow before a gale. The effect is to send out a multitude of minature meteor like streams each with a metallic head of nucleus with white fibres [illegible] behind it. The heads are after[illegible] cleaned out by machinery, leaving only the wools or cottony fibres. This substance is absolutely incombustible and an admirable non-conductor of heat and sound. It is used for packing around steam pipes and boilers for casing for railroad cars, filling in walls and roofs and for many other purposes where its special qualities are desirable. So day by day we are utilizing the waste things of the earth and finding economy in dust and ashes.

A PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY

I heard, a day or two ago, of a styled christianity which strikes me as being worth more in practical worth and kindness to soul and one's fellow creatures than spending time in moralizing and preaches. There is a clergyman who was invited to take charge of a mission church and school in the western part of the city where tenement houses abound and refined pleasures are few. He consented upon two conditions. First, that the congregation should raise a salary for their minister in order that they should feel that they had some duty to perform, and, second, that he would accept none of this salary for himself but would spend the whole for the benefit of the church and the Sunday school. The congregation were to know nothing of the second condition but it should neutralize the effect of the first. But he has faithfully fulfilled the arrangement, and has stocked the school with a library, improved the church edifice, &c. and labored incessantly for the good of the parish. That is a noteworthy fact but that is not all. This summer he has been with his family at the seashore during the week, coming to town to preach and work on Sundays, and asking no vacation like the pastors of more fashionable churches. He has a fine conservatory of flowers and he regularly every Saturday or Sunday, gathers every blossom from his plants and sends or carries them to the poor families within his district, choosing the sick if there are any. Now this is a beautiful christianity which is good *all through*, and every bud that goes from that minister's hot house to the bed side of a sick child in the top of a tenement house, should blossom out into a decoration for the crown of glory which the donor is hoping for when earthly flowers may bloom upon his grave.

STRETCHING IT

It has been a popular delusion that the ordinary capacity of the human stomach is one pint. If so the elastic membrane must be as elastic as the membrane of a Congressman. A New Yorker was accosted, a day or two ago, by a seedy looking tramp who begged for a dime to get a bit to eat to keep him from starving. The gentleman chose to be sure that his charity took the form of food and not of whiskey, so, instead of giving him money, he wrote an order to a near by restaurant to "give the poor fellow a dinner and charge to me." Armed with this note the tramp canvassed the situation, studied the bill of fare and settled down to business. Beginning with a mutton stew he followed it with roast veal, corned beef and cabbage, roast lamb with mint sauce, two plates of salmon salad, boiled eggs, vegetables of all kinds, pie, pudding, cheese, three bottles of Scotch Ale and a cigar. There was nothing mean about him. His benefactor paid the bill of $4 20 when it was presented and then invested the rest of a $5 bill in a stout and trustworthy cane, with which he walks abroad, looking for that hungry tramp. The bystanders will hear some remarks when he meets him once again. The tramp is probably laying off waiting for the stomach-ache to blow over.

HAPPENINGS OF THE WEEK

A prodigious blast was set off, a few days ago on the line of the new railroad on the west shore of the Hudson river. One hundred and forty five kegs of powder constituted the charge and more than 7,000 yards of rock were thrown over into the river by its explosion. A stone, about the size of an ordinary water pail was thrown a long distance where it descended through the roof of a house to the main floor, where it rebounded with out breaking the floor and landed on the top of a bureau, where it remained.—Two of the scamps who lay in wait for countrymen and entice them into gambling dens by pretending to be fellow townsmen or old friends of the victim, found they had made a mistake a few days ago. They approached a gentleman from Indianapolis who looks like a verdant farmer, but is no stranger to New York and its ways and insisted that they recognized him as an old acquaintance in Oskosh or Kalamazoo. They were not so sure of the old friendship, when he knocked one of them down and would have served the other one likewise if he had not taken to his heels, leaving behind him a fine silk umbrella, which has gone to Indianapolis as a trophy.—In one week there was received at the New York Post Office $42 072 from the sale of postage stamps and rent of letter boxes. That would keep a Vassar school girl in candy and slate pencils for nearly two terms.—A parrot may be a fine companion for a sympathetic spinster and at the same time a wretched nuisance for the lady's neighbors who have a desire for a morning nap. The Board of Health of New York city have notified owners of parrots that they (the parrots) must sing and swear in the solitude of their cages and within doors and windows.—A young physician from Florida arrived here lately with $500 and a gold watch and chain. He wished to "see the town." Being interested in shipping he took a schooner, of beer, and then went to sleep in the last room. When he woke he had no money, no watch, no chain, and negotiated to work his passage back to the land of the alligator.

—The Eldred *Eagle* of last week says: Wednesday night an unknown party effected an entrance into the residence of Dr. Balfour, on B. H. street, by forcing open the window to the Dr.'s sleeping apartment. Nothing was taken except the money which was in Mr. Balfour's pockets, but that amounted to something over $64. His watch, a meerschaum pipe and an elegant revolver which were in plain sight, were left untouched.

Sold under a Positive Guarantee.

That scrofula, erysipelas, salt rheum, boils, pimples, ulcers and all humors of the skin can be permanently cured by the use of Parmelee's Great Blood Purifier. These diseases arise from an impure and disordered state of the blood. If after a fair trial has been given, no relief is experienced return the empty bottle and we will refund the money. Price $1 per bottle, sample bottles 15 cents. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, druggist, Smethport.

New Grist Mill.

I have recently put my grist mill at Frasher, in perfect order, and secured the services of a first class miller. All kinds of custom grinding will be promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed in every case. THOMAS FRASHER.

36-41.

In the Whole History of Medicine

No preparation has ever performed such marvellous cures, or maintained so wide a reputation, as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which is recognized as the world's remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs. Its long-continued series of wonderful cures in all climates has made it universally known as a safe and reliable agent to employ. Against ordinary colds, which are the forerunners of more serious disorders, it acts speedily and surely, always relieving suffering, and often saving life. The protection it affords, by its timely use in throat and chest disorders, makes it an invaluable remedy to be kept always on hand in every home. No person can afford to be without it, and those who have once used it never will. From their knowledge of its composition and operation, physicians use the CHERRY PECTORAL extensively in their practice, and clergymen recommend it. It is absolutely certain in its healing effects, and will always cure when cures are possible.

For sale by all druggists.

The Part of the Business

Is that in Hamilton's Jamaica Ginger Tonic the people have found the most effectual remedy for colic, diarrhea, dysentery, cramps, cholera morbus, sour stomach, etc. ever offered to the public. This remedy is warranted to possess in a concentrated form all the properties of properties of pure Jamaican Ginger. It is active and efficient and is sure to prove its necessity in every household by its high tonic properties, its harmlessness, and its prompt efficacy in removing all disorders of the stomach and bowels. Price 50 cts. per bottle, sample bottle 25 cts. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, druggist, Smethport.

Nothing Short of Unmistakable Benefits

Conferred upon tens of thousands of sufferers could originate and maintain the reputation which AYER'S SARSAPARILLA enjoys. It is a compound of the best vegetable alteratives, with the iodides of Potassium and Iron,—all powerful in eradicating blood-cleansing and life-sustaining,—and is the most effective of all remedies for scrofulous maladies, or blood disorders. Uniformly successful and certain, it produces rapid and complete cures of Scrofula, Sores, Boils, Humors, Pimples, Eruptions, Skin Diseases and all disorders arising from impurity of the blood. By its invigorating effects it always relieves and often cures Liver Complaints, Female Weaknesses and Irregularities, and is a potent renewer of wasting vitality. For purifying the blood it has no equal. It tones up the system, excites and preserves the health, and imparts vigor and energy. For forty years it has been in extensive use, and is to-day the most available medicine for the suffering sick.

For sale by all druggists.

LEGAL.

To Contractors.

Sealed proposals will be received at the Smethport Post office for the building of a School House at Farmers Valley, near what is known as the "Moore School House," until Tuesday, September 19, 1882. Plans and specifications can be seen at my house.

M. C. STICKLES,
School Director.

By order of Keating School Board.
Smethport, Pa., Aug. 31, 1882.—2t.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No 101 December Term, 1881.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Ella Merrill, by her next friend, did on the 25th day of October, 1881, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth, she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Horace A. Merrill:

We therefore command you, the said Horace A. Merrill, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held in the county of McKean, on the Fourth Monday of September next, to answer the petition or libel of said Ella Merrill, and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Ella Merrill, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

Seal of Common Pleas Court. } Witness, the Hon. H. W. Williams, President of our said Court at Smethport, this 3rd day of July, A. D. 1882.

(Signed) JOHN R. BRAWLEY, Prothy.
HUGH P. BRAWLEY, Dep'ty.
A. I. WILCOX, Sheriff.

A true copy.
W. H. GRAVES, Att'y. 37-44.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No 468, Feby Term, 1882.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas Eva Brown Haugland, by her next friend, John Brown, did on the 16th day of February inst. prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Wesley Haugland.

We therefore command you, the said Wesley Haugland, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges of Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the Fourth Monday of September next, to answer the petition or libel of said Eva Brown Haugland, and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Eva Brown Haugland, your wife should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

Seal of Common Pleas Court. } Witness the Hon. H. W. Williams, President of our said Court at Smethport, this 4th day of July, A. D. 1882.

(Signed) JOHN R. BRAWLEY, Prothy.
HUGH P. BRAWLEY, Dep'ty.
A. I. WILCOX, Sheriff.

A true copy.
C. A. KELLY, Att'y. 37-44.

LEGAL.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF A CERTAIN WRIT OF Levari Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean county, and to me directed, I shall expose to public sale at room No. 16, Oil Exchange, City of Bradford, on Saturday, September 9, 1882, at 10 o'clock, a. m.:

All that certain leasehold estate, situate in Otto, Cattaraugus county, and State of Pennsylvania, being a part of the Westmore farm, and bounded and described as follows: There be eleven lots of oil wells on land purchased by M. C. Westmore from A. A. Hopkins, 11 wells on lot No. 1 in Otto township, McKean county, Pennsylvania, being a tract of about eighteen acres, upon which there are now eight completed wells, commonly called Westmore & Bailey wells, all of which are fully described in lease dated January 18, 1880, from Cornelia Westmore and George M. Westmore to H. E. Pickett, together with all machinery and fixtures the same being now under two engines, all tanks, all lines of rubber, all feet of casing, all feet of surface rods, engine houses, derricks and all tools thereon, and all and singular the appurtenances thereunto belonging.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of James Maher, at the suit of H. E. Pickett, use of A. S. Peden and M. C. Trout.

BROWN & BARRETT,
Pl'ffs Attorneys.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa. August 31, 1882. A. I. WILCOX, Sheriff.

BY VIRTUE OF A CERTAIN WRIT OF Levari Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean county, and to me directed, I shall expose to public sale at room No. 16, Oil Exchange, in city of Bradford, on Saturday, September 2, 1882, at 10 o'clock a. m.

All that certain leasehold estate demanded and described as follows, to-wit: Situate in the township of Otto, county of McKean, and State of Pennsylvania, beginning at the south west corner of lot, said lot being in the north 80 degrees, west thirty-one and forty-five one-hundredths (31 45-100) rods to a post, thence north 45 degrees, east 30 45-100 rods to a stake in south line of land now owned by Thomas, thence south 80½ degrees, east 31 45-100 rods to a stake in the northwest corner of Kemp & Co's land, thence south 45 degrees, west 30 45-100 rods to place of beginning, being west half of Lot No. one, containing five acres of land, together with the following mentioned building fixtures and machinery thereon, to-wit: Two pumping oil wells, two 250 barrel oil tanks, one 80-barrel tank, two 30-horse power engines, one 30-horse power boiler, and all the casing, tubing, gas, oil and steam pipe fittings and connections, and all other fixtures and appurtenances belonging to said wells and the said described leasehold, together with all and singular, the said leasehold estate, term of years, right of way, liberties, privileges and appurtenances.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of John W. Beatty, at the suit of R. S. Hazlett.

CHAPMAN & SON,
Pl'ffs Attorneys.

Sheriff's office, Smethport, Pa., Aug. 31, 1882. A. I. WILCOX, Sheriff.

BY VIRTUE of a writ of Levari Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, and to me directed, I shall expose to public sale at room No. 16, Oil Exchange, in the city of Bradford, Pa., on Saturday, the 9th day of September, 1882, at 10 o'clock a. m.

All that certain leasehold estate situate in Bradford township, McKean county, and State of Pennsylvania, being a part of the Quintuple tract or farm, and bounded and described as follows: Being lots Nos. 14, 15, 16, 28, 40 and 41 of the lands of the Quintuple Oil Company as laid out, surveyed, platted and staked out by L. Gardner, surveyor, being same leasehold originally granted to J. S. Wilson by Quintuple Oil Company by contract dated Sept. 18, 1881, and recorded together with six acres of the ultimate thereon, together with all machinery and fixtures thereon, three boilers, five engines, all tanks, six strings of tubing, six strings of casing, two strings of sucker rods, engine houses, derricks and all tools thereon, and all and singular the appurtenances thereunto belonging.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of J. S. Wilson, at the suit of R. H. Austin and James Smith.

N. B. SMILEY,
Pl'ffs Attorney.

Sheriff's office, Smethport, Pa., Aug. 31, 1882. A. I. WILCOX, Sheriff.

BY VIRTUE of a certain writ of Levari Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean county, and to me directed, I shall expose to public sale at room No. 16, Oil Exchange, in the city of Bradford, Pa., on Saturday, the 9th day of September, 1882, at 10 o'clock a. m.

All that certain piece of ground situate in the city of Bradford, McKean county, Pennsylvania, bounded on the north by land of Carew Bros.; on the east by Mechanic street; on the south by Barbour street, and on the west by land of said Carew Bros., with a two-story frame building, twenty-one feet front on Mechanic street and sixty feet in depth, with an old banking counter therewith attached, being forty feet in front and forty feet in depth and two-story thereon.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of E. J. Carew and R. H. Carew, as Carew Bros., and Michael Knight, owners, or reputed owners, and Carew Bros., contractors, at the suit of Wm. Miller & Co.

HUTCHINS, WOLF & GEORGE,
Pl'ffs Attorneys.

Sheriff's office, Smethport, Pa., Aug. 31, 1882. A. I. WILCOX, Sheriff.

BY VIRTUE of a certain writ of Levari Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean county, and to me directed, I shall expose to public sale at room No. 16, Oil Exchange, in the city of Bradford, Pa., on Saturday, the 9th day of September, 1882, at 10 o'clock a. m.

All that certain hotel property and lot of ground situate in the city of Bradford, county of McKean, and State of Pennsylvania, being forty feet front on Mechanic street and sixty feet on Barbour street, in said city, county and state.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Hotel H. Carew and Edward J. Carew, doing business as Carew Bros., and M. Knight, owners, &c., and Carew Bros., contractors, at the suit of D. Wright & Co.

D. R. JACK, Pl'ff's Att'y.

Sheriff's office, Smethport, Pa., Aug. 31, 1882. A. I. WILCOX, Sheriff.

BY VIRTUE of a writ of Levari Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, and to me directed, I shall expose to public sale at room No. 16, Oil Exchange, City of Bradford, Pa., on Saturday, the 9th day of September, 1882, at 10 o'clock a. m.

All that certain piece of land situate in Bradford township, McKean county, and State of Pennsylvania, and being part of Warrant No. 3716, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a stake set at the southeast corner of a 6-acre lot sold to Bowers & Kerren, marked No. 1, on their map of the Kennedy farm; thence north 45 deg. west 16 rods; thence south 45 deg. west 40 rods to a stake; thence south 45 deg. east 16 rods; thence north 45 deg. east 40 rods to the place of beginning, containing four acres more or less.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of John W. Beatty, at the suit of R. S. Hazlett.

CHAPMAN & SON,
Pl'ffs Attorneys.

Sheriff's office, Smethport, Pa., Aug. 31, 1882. A. I. WILCOX, Sheriff.

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Sheriff's office, Smethport, Pa., Aug. 31, 1882. A. I. WILCOX, Sheriff.

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Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Hotel H. Carew and Edward J. Carew, doing business as Carew Bros., and M. Knight, owners, &c., and Carew Bros., contractors, at the suit of D. Wright & Co.

D. R. JACK, Pl'ff's Att'y.

Sheriff's office, Smethport, Pa., Aug. 31, 1882. A. I. WILCOX, Sheriff.

Auditors' Report.

SCHOOL FUND of Keating township, for the year ending June 1st, 1882:

THOMAS HUSBEY, Treasurer;	DR.
To amount of settled duplicate	$6,120 00
To amount in Treasury	892 66
To amount of State appropriation	497 77
To amount of interest refunded	7 62
To amount of assessed tax for '81-'82	3,360 00
Total	$11,668 79
	CR.
By amount due from assessed tax	$1,360 00
By exonerations	208 25
By orders - state fund	3,120 75
By returned tax	12 25
By com. on $3,501 75 at 2 per cent.	73 05
By abatement on $345 at 5 per cent.	17 25
	4,791 55
By amount due fund	306 57
Total	$5,098 79
Resources in Treasurer's hands	$ 306 57
Balance from assessed tax	1,360 00
Total	$1,666 57

We, the Auditors of Keating township having examined the accounts of Thomas Mussey, School Treasurer, find them as stated above.

C. SMITH,
ALLEN QUIATT,
A. T. STRANAHAN,
} Auditors.

KEATING TOWNSHIP., Aug 11, 1882.—3t.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

—AT—

D. C. YOUNG'S,

—Formerly WM. HASKILL'S, Backus Building.—

SMETHPORT, PA.

POSITIVE REDUCTIONS

—IN PRICES OF READY-MADE—

Clothing, - Dry Goods,

Notions, Etc.,

To make room for New Fall Goods, to which will be added a Large STOCK of GROCERIES and other Goods usually kept in a General Stock of Merchandise.

BARGAINS TO ALL.

Yours Respectfully,

D. C. YOUNG.

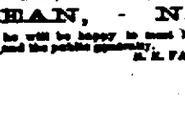
W. T. CALLAR,

—DEALER IN—

DRUGS & MEDICINES!

TOILET ARTICLES,

Stationery, Etc., Etc.



—ALSO, PURE—

Wines & Liquors.

General Insurance Agency.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

W. T. CALLAR.
SMETHPORT, PA.

JEWELRY

of all descriptions.

SILVER-WARE

The Best Made.

POCKET CUTLERY

A Full Assortment.

SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES!

TOYS,

And all Goods in my line for which I will DUPLICATE any REGULAR DEALERS Prices.

I Will match the

[Continued from First Page.]

It was at length arranged that Victor should go to India, and Monsieur Albert so planned it that he should start before Constance returned home. Monsieur Naudin realized by this time that his pretty gay little wife had become a feature in his household without whom he felt lost and unhappy.

'I will have her home at any rate, he grumbled and forthwith Constance was telegraphed for.

Perhaps it had slowly dawned upon Constance on her journey from and back to Paris, that her husband was not treating her just right. The bride of a few months, it seemed far from natural that she should be sent off alone to make a visit when there was really no good excuse why her husband should not have accompanied her.

But now that he had realized how much he missed her, and how dear her presence had grown to him, he was impatient and fretful until he could clasp her to his heart.

But he was bitterly disappointed for Constance did not return with a beaming face, and outstretched arms. She suffered too, but she was not the woman to seek for love.

She greeted him as if she had spent but one night from his roof.

'You do not seem glad to return,' he said despondently, as he led her to her room.

'Oh, but I am. You forget, however, that I have left my dear parents behind.'

'But you have me!'

'Yes but have you heard from Victor?'

'Yes.'

'When?'

'To day.'

'Is he well?'

'Excellent health and best of spirit. He will be here in a short time.'

'Do you mean that he is in Paris?' she said turning quickly about.

'Yes, he is here.'

'Oh, I am so glad, I shall be pleased to see him.'

'Of course. Even more glad than to see me.'

'Oh, Albert, how can you speak so. Victor is my brother, that's all.'

'All.'

'Yes, of course. But tell me—why is he here?'

She came to where he sat, and put her hand on his shoulder. She could feel him tremble.

'He is here on business.'

'With you?'

'Yes, partly. He comes to say good bye to me and to you.'

'Good bye! Is he going away?'

'Yes.'

'Where?'

'To India.'

'India! When?'

'He sails to night.'

Before he could turn to her she had fallen senseless beside him, murmuring in her agony 'Oh, my poor, poor Florence!'

In that instant Monsieur Naudin understood all. He had blindly deceived himself. He had strewn his own path with thorns and made her follow him barefoot.

This, then, was the meaning of all the letters, looks and hidden gestures. How dull he was not to have guessed it.

'Constance, my precious wife,' he cried, when at last her eyelids began to tremble.

'Can you forgive me.'

'Ah! monsieur,' she said, 'I should have told you all, but I feared they did too your anger.'

'Anger! Someone, let the boy marry whom he pleases.'

'But if he goes away my poor Florence will fret herself to death. She is thin and pale now.'

'Oh, no. She can wait, or if you but say the word, I will withdraw the appointment and send some one else to his place.'

'Tis not for me to say. I cannot understand why Victor accepted it.'

'Let him answer for himself. He is here now.'

Constance raised herself as Victor, bright-eyed and smiling, came in. The young man saw that something had occurred that was not pleasant, and his naturally quick instinct made him act abruptly.

'Monsieur,' he said, 'I come to bid you good-bye.'

'Oh, Victor!' cried Constance in great alarm.

'I leave for India to-night, but not alone.'

'Then you are married,' said Monsieur brusquely.

'To the woman I love. To Florence D'Aural.'

Constance sprang up and rushed to her sister, who stood trembling in the doorway.

'Papa brought me to Marseilles,' she said, 'and we were married from there.'

Monsieur Naudin was a little piqued to find that these children had been so foolishly afraid of him, and had so outwitted him.

'Why did you not tell me all this nonsense, and let the marriage be a proper one?'

'Oh, it was proper,' cried Florence, quickly.

'But private,' said Victor.

Yielding to a stronger influence, the young couple were at last prevailed upon to remain at home, and as Monsieur Naudin had plenty of people about him who would gladly avail themselves of the Indian appointment, Victor's place was soon filled.

'Your place is by your mother's side,' he said to Florence. 'I will see that you nor Victor never want for any luxury.'

Even though convinced that there was no feeling but pure friendship between Victor and his little wife, yet he felt a vague desire to keep them apart for the present.

So peace dawned upon these four people, who had been for many months under a cloud. Monsieur Naudin became more than ever devoted and lover-like, and his wife was his goddess, at whose shrine he was never weary of worshipping.

But with Constance it was never quite the same. She had seen, in that one moment by her husband's side, that he had distrusted her, he had thought her guilty of a foreign love. She never spoke of it, nor did he. She saw now that he was silently proving his love and implicit trust in her. She was happy and very gay. She loved her husband tenderly, and when a child came to them, and she called it Victor, she felt that she could forgive him, but the recollection of that doubting look never faded from her memory.

A BAD BOY.

WHY JOHNNY'S FATHER WALKED UPSTAIRS ON ONE FOOT.—MA'S UNEXPECTED RETURN FROM CHICAGO.

"When is your ma coming back?" asked the grocery man of the bad boy, as he found him standing on the sidewalk when the grocery was opened in the morning, taking some pieces of brick out of his coat-tail pockets. "Oh, she got back at midnight last night," said the boy, as he ate a few blueberries out of a case. "That's what makes me up so early. Pa has been kicking at these pieces of brick with his bare feet, and when I came away he had his toes in his hand and was trying to go back up the stairs on one foot. Pa hain't got no sense." "I am afraid you are a terror," said the grocery man, as he looked at the innocent face of the boy. "You are always making your parents some trouble, and it is a wonder to me that they don't send you to the reform school. What devilry was you up to last night to get kicked this morning?" No devilry, just a little fun. You see, ma went to Chicago to stay a week, and she got tired and telegraphed she would be home last night; and pa was down town, and I forgot to give him the dispatch. After he went to bed, me and a chum of mine thought we would have a Fourth of July. You see, my chum has got a big sister, and we hooked some of her clothes, and after pa got to snoring we put them in his room. Oh, you'd a laughed. We put a pair of number one slippers with blue stockings, down in front of the rocking chair beside pa's boots, and a red corset on a chair, and my chum's sister's best silk dress on another chair, and a hat with a white feather on the bureau, and some frizzes on the gas bracket, and everything that we could find in my chum's sister's room. Oh, we got a red parasol, too, and left it right in the middle of the floor. Well, when I looked at the lay out and heard pa snoring I thought I should die. You see, ma is easily excited. My chum slept with me that night, and when we heard the door bell ring I stuffed a pillow in my mouth. There was nobody to meet ma at the depot, and she hired a hack and came right up. Nobody heard the bell but me, and I had to go down and let ma in. She was pretty angry, you bet, at not being met at the door. "Where's your father?" said she, as she began to look up stairs. I told her I guessed pa had gone to sleep by this time, that he had gone to bed an hour ago. Then I slipped up stairs and looked over the banister. Ma said something about heavens and earth, and where is the hurry, and a lot of things I couldn't hear; and pa swore and said it was no such thing, and the door slammed, and they talked for two hours. I s'pose they finally had it to me, as they always do, 'cause pa called me up very early this morning, and when I came down stairs he hurt my feeling. I see they had my chum's sister's clothes all pinned up in a newspaper and I s'pose when I go back I shall have to carry them home, and then she'll be down on me, too. I'll tell you what, I have a good notion to take some shoemaker's wax and stick my chum on my back and travel with a circus as a double headed boy from Borneo. A fellow could have more fun and not get kicked all the time." And the boy sampled some strawberries in a case in front of the store, and went down the street whistling for his chum, who was looking out of an alley to see if the coast was clear.

Why She Wept.

"Why are you weeping, my darling?" said Bertie Cecil, kissing away Gwendolen's tears in a confident. Maid S. way that told, more plainly than could any words, of his having been there before.

The girl gave no answer in words, but placing her head above his left lung a little shiver of pain passed over the lissome form, then Gwendolen broke down in a storm of sobs.

"Speak to me, sweetest!" cried gay Bertie Cecil in an agony of fear. "Tell me what terrible grief is now oppressing you."

Checking herself with a mighty overhead check the girl looked up to him with eyes that spoke only of love. There were no tears on the pretty face now, but in their place had come a look of haunting fear, a ghastly bet-on-the-White-Stockings-yesterday expression that sent a chill to the man's heart. Twice she tried to speak, and twice the words that she would say refused to come. But suddenly she kissed him with a rapturous, clinging all over-the-house and part-of-the-front-yard kiss, and as he turned away to catch his breath Gwendolen whispered in low, solemn tones:

"I have broken my bustle."

"Thank heaven it is no worse," said Bertie, "I was afraid you might have heard the Thomas orchestra play a fugue."

Plant Trees.

That is good advice which the Philadelphia *Times* gives its readers when it advises them to plant trees. We commend this exhortation to the attention of all those whose eye may chance to light upon it: Every man should plant trees; every woman should plant trees; every boy should plant trees; every girl should plant trees. If they own a home however humble and unsightly, it can be made beautiful by shade and vines and flowers, which cost only the labor of planting; if they do not own a house, they should plant trees wherever they happen to stay. It will cost nothing; it will be a little care and labor, and somebody will be grateful for it by and by. One-half the drift of children from their homes and the occupations to which they were reared are caused by the cheerlessness that surrounds them. There is no beauty, no comfort, no sacredness about the place that should be to them the most sacred spot of earth, and they wander away among strangers and into strange pursuits, often to make ship-wreck of their lives, because they see attractions and comforts elsewhere which are unknown at home. Plant trees; plant trees everywhere that offers a place for them. Plant shades, plant fruits, plant vines; plant flowers, give them only a little of the time that is wasted morning, noon and evening, and they will abundantly reward you with comfort, health and pleasure.

Spoopendyke as a Farmer.

'This,' said Mr. Spoopendyke, as he gazed around on his new acquisition of six acres—'this, my dear, is what I have always wanted. A farm and a farmer's life are the highways to happiness. Now, Mrs Spoopendyke, don't you think so, too?'

'It's lovely,' rejoined Mrs. Spoopendyke. 'I was born on a farm, was always healthy, though I had to go a good ways for water.'

'I'll fix that,' returned Mr. Spoopendyke. 'I'll bring the water. Now, where are my agricultural reports? I must plant right off if we are going to have crops, and when they're ripe we'll take 'em to market.'

'Well, I see by this report that you must give your hen chopped turnip once in a while,' said Mrs. Spoopendyke, putting her index finger on the paragraph.

'Either that or cabbages,' returned her husband. 'I don't know whether we'll have cabbages enough,' he continued musingly.

'You might have less buckwheat,' suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke. 'I should think, though, that two acres would be enough for one hen, and even if it isn't you can buy a load now and then of the neighbors.'

'I'll think that over,' replied Mr. Spoopendyke. 'Here's one thing certain I don't understand. It says we should test a few seed before planting to make sure they will germinate, but it don't say how to do it.'

'Maybe it means to boil them,' suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke; or perhaps you——'

'Oh, perhaps you think it means to crack 'em with an axe to see if they are hard! I s'pose you've got an idea you stick straws into 'em to see if they're done! Well, you don't, you put acid on 'em. I'll get some acid and drop 'em in, and if it discolors 'em, why, they're no good, and if it don't they're all right. I think we ought to have some weevil for the pig.'

'I don't know where you're going to plant it,' said Mrs Spoopendyke, 'unless it will grow with buckwheat or onions. You can't put it in with the cabbage, because the pig and hen would fight.'

'Don't you know what weevil is?' demanded Mr. Spoopendyke, glaring at his wife. 'Got a notion it's some kind of weed for the pig to smoke, haven't you? Imagine its gilt edged note paper with a monogram for him to write on, don't you? Well, it isn't a swallow tail coat or a plug hat for him to go to church in, neither! You don't plant weevil, Mrs. Spoopendyke, any more than you do soap, or clothes pins, or stair rods. You buy it put up in large barrels, and I'll order some.'

'I think we ought to have some lace curtains for the front windows,' suggested Mrs Spoopendyke, anxious to change the subject.

'Yes, and we want a folding bedstead for the cow, and we've got to have a new arm chair for the pig, and I'm afraid those cabbages won't do without a wet nurse,' squeaked Mr Spoopendyke. 'I suppose I've got to hire a man to see that the meadow don't go fishing on Sundays and upset your religious notions. O! you're a farmer's wife, you are! If I had time to write an index to you and get some dodgasted binder to fit you up and with a fly leaf, you'd make a whole agricultural report.'

And Mr Spoopendyke shot into the house and to bed, while his wife, having put all the oil lamps into buckets of water so they couldn't explode during the night, fell asleep dreaming that the cabbage patch had eloped with the onions, while the cow and the pig had died of weevil, and the windmill had abandoned agricultural pursuits and started off through Ohio preaching the Gospel.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Two Ideas of Politeness.

Several Austin gentlemen were talking about politeness they had met, when an old German named Fritz said the politest man he ever heard of was his uncle. "What did your uncle do?" asked Gilhooly. "Vell, you see, he vas in a sheep, and dot sheep strike a rock and go dot vasser down. All de passengers vas drowning dot vasser in, and mine uncle too. Shust before he go dot vatter down, mine uncle takes off his hat, and say to de udder peebles who vas splashing dot vasser in, 'Ladies and schentlemens, I haf de honor to bid you goot-bye,' and he sunk out of sight dot vasser in." Everybody present said Fritz's uncle was very courteous and polite, except Gilhooly, who remarked in his usual cynical manner: "I don't think your uncle was polite at all, Fritz. He evidently had no manners, for he should have waited until the other passengers went down, instead of crowding down ahead of them, particularly as there were ladies in the crowd. He was a selfish brute—that's what he was."—*Sifter-ings.*

We Can Assist You.

In disposing of that weak stomach, bilious complaint, that sick headache, and coated tongue, bad taste in the mouth, prostration, dullness that mark the confirmed dyspeptic, we can tell you of a remedy, Parmelee's Dyspepsia Compound. It is no doubt the most successful cure for Dyspepsia ever known otherwise we would not guarantee it. Price per bottle $1; samples 15 cents. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, druggist, Smethport.

The Drought of '49.

'Stranger, I take it?' observed an elderly resident the other day, as I stopped him and asked if there were any blackberry trees around his way. 'I judged so. I was a stranger myself when I kim here. That was in the summer of '49. Hottest summer ever known in these parts.'

'Any warmer than this?' I asked him.

'Bummit, summit! That summer of '49 the cedar trees melted and ran right along the ground! You notice how red that ere dust is?'

'Pretty warm,' I ventured.

'Why, sir, durin' the summer of '49 we kept meat right on the ice to keep it from cookin' too fast, and we had to put the chickens in the refrigerators to get raw eggs!'

'Where did you get the ice?'

'We had it left over and kept in b'lilin' water! Yes, sir. The temperature of the b'lilin' water was so much lower than the temperature of the atmosphere that it kept the ice so cold you couldn't touch it with your finger!'

'Anything else startling that season?'

'That summer of 49? Well, guess! The Hackensack river began to b'lile nicely in June and we didn't see the sky until October for the steam in the air! And fish! fish! They were droppin' all over town cooked just as you wanted 'em! There wasn't anything but fish until the river dried up!'

'What did you have then?'

'The finest oysters and clams you ever heard of. They walked right out ashore for water, and they'd drink apple jack right out of the demijohn! Why, yes, sir. You call this hot? I feel like an overcoat!'

'What is your business?' I modestly asked.

'I'm a preacher,' he replied. 'By the way, you wanted blackberry trees. Just keep up the thumb hand side of this road until you come to the pig pasture and there you will find the trees. Think up on my goose yeast and you can knock down all the berries you want if you can find a pole long enough.'—*Hackensack Republican.*

Valuable Remedy for a Painful Disease.

Parmelee's Pile Suppositories acts promptly in allaying all inflammation of the rectum, and by being readily dissolved, are readily absorbed into the system, healing the diseased irritated condition of those organs. They are convenient for self application causing no unpleasantness, and affording such satisfactory results, that to any one afflicted with that painful disease, the Piles, they are invaluable. By direct application to the seat of disease, they are the most efficacious means of cure to be had, and are particularly useful in cases attended with rigid contraction of the sphincter ani. Price 50 cents per box. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, druggist, Smethport.

STRENGTH

to vigorously push a business, strength to study a profession, strength to regulate a household, strength to do a day's labor without physical pain. All this represents what is wanted, in the often heard expression, "Oh! I wish I had the strength!" If you are broken down, have not energy, or feel as if life was hardly worth living, you can be relieved and restored to robust health and strength by taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, which is a true tonic a medicine universally recommended for all wasting diseases.

[illegible] N. Fremont St., Baltimore.

During the war I was injured in the stomach by a piece of a shell, and have suffered from it ever since. About four years ago I brought on partially as, which kept me in bed six months, and the best doctors in the city said I could not live. I suffered fearfully from indigestion, and for over two years could not eat solid food and for a large portion of the time was unable to retain even liquid nourishment. I tried Brown's Iron Bitters and now after taking two bottles I am able to get up and go around and am rapidly improving. C. DUGAN.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is a complete and sure remedy for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Weakness and all diseases requiring a true, reliable, non-alcoholic tonic. It enriches the blood, gives new life to the muscles and tone to the nerves.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. REILLY,

Contractor in Stone Masonry, Brick Work, Lathing and Plastering.

LIME, LATH, PLASTER and PLASTERING HAIR

Furnished at the LOWEST RATES.

J. C. HAMLIN & CO.,

DEALERS IN

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GRICULTURAL TOOLS, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, PUTTY, SHELF FURNITURE and TIN-WARE.

JOB WORK of all kinds done on short notice and at reasonable rates.

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F. C. PIERCE,

Surgeon Dentist,

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OFFICE—Over L. W. Mason's Hardware Store, Main Street.

Preservation of natural teeth a specialty. 28tf.

LARABEE GREENHOUSE,

Have moved plants them over, and floor.

Winter Blooming Plants

IN MANY VARIETIES.

Cut Flowers to Order or in Designs.

OPIUM & MORPHINE EATING. A Treatise on these [illegible] sent FREE. Dr. J. C. [illegible]

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FURNITURE STORE!

Specht & Sasse

We are now settled in our new store and are prepared to furnish the people of this vicinity and county with

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of all kinds and of

PRICE AND QUALITY

to suit the purchaser.

Undertaking in all its branches.

Full and Complete Line of

WALL PAPER!

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Friends and patrons are invited

CALL AND SEE US

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SPECHT & SASSE,

Main St., Smethport, Pa.

PLUMBING Gas and Steam Fitting.

As the citizens of Smethport are about to introduce water into their houses

IRLBACKER & DAVIS,

No 503 Main Street,

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IRLBACKER, DAVIS & CO.,

No 141 Union Street,

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either have experience in anything pertaining to the line of Plumbing, Gas and Steam Fitting, guaranteeing the best possible work and materials at the lowest possible prices.

GIVE US A TRIAL

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Have Just Opened the Largest and Most complete Stock of

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CLOTHING

To be found anywhere. Their stock of

—GENTS'—

FURNISHING GOODS,

IS IMMENSE.

Those preferring garments made to order can be accommodated, as a large stock of Foreign and Domestic piece goods is always on hand, and good fits guaranteed.

Joseph & Dornberg.

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New Carriage Shop

IN SMETHPORT.

CONKLIN WAGONS,

COURTLAND PLATFORMS,

ROAD WAGONS,

CARRIAGES,

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ALWAYS IN STOCK.

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SHOP ON MECHANIC STREET.

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SMETHPORT March 18, 1881.—tf.

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Prescriptions Accurately Compounded Night or Day.

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KANE PA.

MILK! MILK! MILK!

The undersigned takes pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Smethport and vicinity that his arrangements are finally completed, and that on Monday, February 7, he will establish a

NEW MILK ROUTE!

Pure, Fresh and Rich Milk.

At 7 Cents a Quart

until Spring, when the price will be reduced. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

Wm. Ramer.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 3, 1882-tf.

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FOR SALE

THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE, on reasonable terms, a valuable lumber and shingle mill with a capacity of 10,000 feet per day, situated in

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On the McKean railroad, about five miles from Smethport. Would also be willing to rent mill and take job of manufacturing lumber. Full particulars can be obtained by calling on or addressing him at Farmers Valley P. O., or calling at the premises. J. R. HAYES.

Farmers Valley, Feb. 15, 1882-3m*

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Go away from home to

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I employ none but

FIRST-CLASS WORKMEN,

And my work is WARRANTED to be of the most durable kind.

These goods are all hand made for first-class workmen and with first-class material, using both Hemlock and oak tanned leather.

CALL AT MY SHOP and I will convince you that I can do better by you than can any foreign dealers.

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Smethport, - Pa.

February 8, 1882. 8-1y

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Ladies' Gauze Underwear, Fine Ruching, Veiling, Knitting Silk, Worsted & Notions.

All orders promptly executed with neatness and dispatch.
Prices warranted to please.

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Parties desiring single or double rigs for pleasure or business purposes can be furnished at any time with

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Gives Immediate Relief and Cure

IN THE FOLLOWING COMPLAINTS

FEVER AND AGUE,
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GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER
IS THE BEST OF TONICS,
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J. B. Bowers, of [illegible] writes: "I paid $[illegible] for doctoring, and got no relief. I have used [illegible] bottles of your Ague Cure, and it has cured me of Chronic Rheumatism. My wife was cured of Fever and Ague."

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S. F. Morton, Brooklyn, writes: "Your Ague Cure has cured me of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint